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This Week

Mussolini rather fancies himself as the modern Machiavelli — a sort of twentieth-century Prince. His latest act of homage to his master was to write a thesis, the preface to which we are printing in this issue. Here the Fascist leader proudly disclaims having done any collateral reading, as he wished to put as few intermediaries as possible between himself and his subject. He takes great pleasure in assuring us that all human beings are fools, and that the less liberty they are allowed the better off they will be.

* * *

We intellectuals who read the *Living Age* do not recommend ourselves to Mr. De Ritis. There are already too many of us in this country, and Italy is sending over more. Anglo-Saxon ideals are also distasteful to this bold Latin, who resents the ease with which Germans, Jews, and Irishmen fit into our infernal machine. Hereafter when he comes to America the effusive Italian must master his emotions and succumb to our Nordic customs, or suffer the consequences.

* * *

Motoring in the Sahara is a comparatively new sport. Your automobile has difficulty in climbing some of the sand dunes, and often has to resort to shoot-the-chutes tactics to make the grade. But the trip is worth the money if you have Mr. Wehrli's luck and fall in with the Great Marabout, Sheik Sidi Sarzah Ben Sidi Laroussi Marabout Tedjanias à la Zavia de Guemar, himself.

* * *

It seems to some of us as if the curses of Adam were on the increase each year, but even Progress will have a hard time improving on God's handiwork — Eve. The mysterious B. B. wittily points out that the flapper with her lipstick and her package of Luckies is only trying to make herself attractive, but the *Living Age* thinks the time has come to declare a boycott on all such.

* * *

It was J. H. Fabre's policy to 'follow my own agreeable little road, indifferent to the gallery which applauds or whistles.' We therefore expect that from the box seats which our subscribers occupy a dignified murmur of approval will arise in appreciation of these hitherto unpublished letters of the great French scientist, who instead of linking humans with apes attributed to beetles the emotions of a grown man.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 323 — *NOVEMBER 22, 1924* — NO. 4194

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

'A Tory avalanche,' the Liberal *Manchester Guardian* called it. The Conservatives came into power last month with a parliamentary delegation of more than two-thirds the total membership of that body. At last reports, however, the Conservatives had less than half — 7,768,498 — of the sixteen and a half million votes cast by the electors. Labor polled over five and a half million votes, or a million more than at last spring's election, and the Liberals over three million; but the Liberal delegation in the House of Commons sinks from 158 to thirty-nine or forty.

Even Mr. Asquith was defeated, together with such prominent Labor leaders as Ben Tillett, Tom Mann, and Miss Bondfield, the first woman Minister in the history of the country.

Labor professes not to be cast down by its reverse. The *Daily Herald* headed its leader on the results: 'Are We Downhearted? No! No! No! No! No!' and declared: —

> At all events the election results clear the air. Now we know where we are and what forces we have got to conquer. We have shaken off false friends. We have forced our enemies to declare themselves openly. Now we can set to work to organize victory next time.
>
> The three-party system was a nuisance. The English mind could not understand it. It would have taken us a long time to destroy it by gradually beating the Liberals. Fortunately they decided to save us this trouble; they have committed suicide. Now there is no Liberal Party. There are only fragments which will rapidly be absorbed either into Toryism or into Labor.

The Tory *Outlook* is inclined to agree with this opinion: —

> Labor has reason for viewing the results with satisfaction. It has unmistakably consolidated its position in the great industrial centres, with consequences that will become apparent when the tide turns in its favor.

That journal says the Labor Government was given a fair trial and the country's verdict is: 'They did their best, but they were not up to the job'; and it predicts that Mr. MacDonald, who remains a member of the new House with a reduced majority, will never again be Prime Minister: —

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His party would do well to retire him, for it is to him that the greater part of this disaster which has overtaken them must be attributed. There are already rumors that Mr. Thomas will be chosen to displace him after the usual discreet interval.

Rather prematurely, perhaps, the journals of the winning party are chanting the dirge of the Liberals. The *Saturday Review* declares: —

Next to the size and extent of the Conservative victory the most remarkable result of the election has been the Liberal catastrophe. English Liberalism is in its death agony. Nothing could have pointed more surely to its senility and decay than the barrenness of its propaganda during the campaign both in its press and on its platforms.

The Nation and the Athenæum, the principal weekly exponent of Liberal policies, deplores the quality of the Party's casualties as even more regrettable than their quantity. The defeat of Mr. Asquith may mark the close of his political career: —

Mr. Masterman, Mr. E. D. Simon, Mr. Ramsay Muir, Mr. Oliver, Mr. Norman Birkett, indeed practically all the most promising of the younger Liberal members, and all those associated with the Liberal Summer School movement, have lost their seats; and the quality of the Liberal members who will return to Westminster is difficult to gauge.

Mr. Asquith attributed his own defeat at Paisley to the ascendancy of emotion over reason, which tends to confirm the London *Statist's* statement a week before the polling, that 'unlike all previous contests, the present election is a battle of creeds rather than policies.'

Yet there is a very general disposition to find precise reasons for Labor's overthrow, and they centre chiefly around the Russian Treaty and Bolshevism. The *Outlook* says that the three main considerations that led the plain man to cast his vote for the Conservatives were: —

First the Campbell case; secondly the muddle over the Russian Treaty; and thirdly, to adapt Conan Doyle, the amazing Adventure of the Red Letter. I doubt if any one of these by itself would have killed the Government. But the cumulative effect was decisive. A team that could put its feet into three such potholes was not to be trusted at large.

Whatever the motive of the voters was, it was a powerful one, for well over four-fifths of the twenty million men and women holding the franchise went to the polls.

❦

NORTHLAND POLITICS

Two of the northern countries — Finland and Denmark — elected parliaments last spring. Sweden did so last September, and Norway last month. The Norwegian elections resulted in a victory for the Conservatives and the Peasants' Party, which leans toward the Right, and represents a serious setback for the Communists, who expected to make heavy gains, but whose delegation was reduced from twenty-nine to twenty-three. Norway's trend toward Conservatism and Nationalism is directly opposite to the drift toward pacifism and internationalism in Denmark and Sweden. But the pivot of the campaign was the financial situation. Norway is still laboring under the effects of a protracted economic depression, and the people seem to have regarded the Conservative leaders as better qualified to lead the country out of its business difficulties than their opponents. The Prohibition Law, though still a moot question in Norway, did not play a decisive part in the elections, at least so far as we are informed by the early press reports.

Of more general interest, however, is the pronounced movement toward

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armament-reduction among Norway's neighbors. *Le Temps* says: —

A movement is under way in the Scandinavian countries that should be watched carefully, because it is typical of a disquieting state of mind. The parliamentary elections just held in Sweden, showing a definite drift to the Left, and the incredible proposal to disarm completely, which was brought up at the Assembly of the League of Nations and is about to be laid before the Parliament of Denmark by the Socialist Cabinet of that country, are two phenomena that require close watching. These northern lands, whose high culture and long political experience seem to protect them from fadisms and risky projects, are developing tendencies that can be explained only by the general upsetting of political and economic conditions and social values throughout the world. We naturally ask if their nearness to Russia and close contact with Soviet propaganda are not beginning to bear fruit in dangerous illusions among people who have hitherto enjoyed a high reputation for prudence and common-sense.

The Danish elections this autumn were only for members of the Upper House and therefore did not involve the life of the Ministry. The present Cabinet controls a small majority composed of Socialists and intellectual Radicals in the Lower branch of Parliament, but the Upper House has been Conservative and Agrarian. Although that body is elected by restricted suffrage, and only citizens thirty-five years of age or more are eligible to vote for its members, the polling showed a distinct swing to the Left.

The proposal to abolish the army and navy in Denmark and replace them by constabulary is popular, principally for economic reasons. But there are certain sentimental factors that should not be overlooked. The army has never been popular in Denmark, which has not yet forgotten the country's defeat in 1864. Indeed, so little favor does it enjoy with the common people that troops passing through a city are generally given a police guard to protect them. Furthermore, the disappearance of Russia as a Baltic power and of Germany as a military power has given Denmark a new sense of security.

In Sweden, where Mr. Branting comes back as a Socialist Premier after eighteen months of Conservative Government, the situation is different. In that country the Conservatives had made extensive concessions to the Liberals, with whom they were in coalition against the Socialists. Their Ministry was defeated in the Chamber on a proposal to increase the military budget, and the election was fought on the army issue. Branting advocates reorganizing the army on a militia basis, possibly like that of Switzerland, and practically doing away with the regular establishment; but he has not proposed to abolish the national defense force.

*

THE AIRPLANE AS A CIVILIZER

SHORTLY after his return from Mesopotamia, Lord Thompson, Air Minister for Great Britain in the Labor Government, defended to a gathering of journalists the use of bombing planes to keep recalcitrant natives in order. Speaking of the operations in Irak he said: —

There have been a great many attacks on the Air Force for the bombing operations. It should be borne in mind that bombing operations have been carried out to an absolute minimum. The number of casualties has been extraordinarily slight. There is no desire to do anything to these people in the way of repression. The only object is to maintain law and order and let the people live. The sum of human suffering involved in these thousands of people

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becoming refugees at the beginning of winter is appalling. Many would die of thirst and starvation in the desert. The actual destruction by bombing operations was very small.

The use of aircraft inspires the people with wonder and fear. They have been impressed as by nothing else by this unknown weapon, this all-seeing eye with its terrible effect. Nothing else could have achieved the same result in dealing with the disturbers of the peace. A punitive expedition would have been expensive, and would have taken weeks to arrive, but the prompt action possible with aircraft has saved many lives among the people who would have been driven out into the desert.

*

MACHIAVELLI AND MUSSOLINI

MUSSOLINI'S endorsement of Machiavelli, whose *Prince* he declared 'the statesman's supreme guide,' started a new crop of commentaries on the Florentine lawyer's son who, a little more than four hundred years ago, published a work on the art of government that associated his name for all time with a code of political ethics that the moral conscience of the world rejects. Exceedingly interesting light is thrown upon his personality by a letter which he wrote when he was in exile and occupied with the treatise to which his fame is chiefly due, reprinted in *Public Opinion* from an article in the October issue of the *Fortnightly Review:* —

I am at my farm, and, since my last misfortunes, have not been in Florence twenty days. I rise with the sun and go into a wood of mine that is being cut, where I remain two hours inspecting the work of the previous day, and conversing with the woodcutters, who have always some trouble on hand among themselves, or with their neighbors. When I leave the wood I proceed to a well, and thence to the place which I use for snaring birds, with a book under my arm — Dante, or Petrarch, or one of the minor poets, like Tibullus or Ovid. I read the story of their passions, and let their loves remind me of my own, which is a pleasant pastime for a while.

Next I take the road, enter the inn door, talk with the passers-by, inquire the news of the neighborhood, listen to a variety of matters, and make note of the different tastes and humors of men. This brings me to dinner-time, when I join my family and eat the poor produce of my farm. After dinner I go back to the inn, where I generally find the host, and a butcher, a miller, and a pair of bakers. With these companions I play the fool all day at cards, or backgammon; a thousand squabbles, a thousand insults, and abusive dialogues take place, while we haggle over a farthing, and shout loud enough to be heard from San Casciano.

But when evening falls I go home, and enter my writing-room. On the threshold I put off my country habit, filthy with mud and mire, and array myself in courtly garments; thus, worthily attired, I make my entrance into the ancient courts of the men of old, where they receive me with love, and where I feed upon that food which only is my own, and for which I was born. I feel no shame in conversing with them and asking them the reason of their actions. They, moved by their humanity, make answer; for four hours' space I feel no annoyance, forget all care; poverty cannot frighten, nor death appall me. I am carried away to their society.

And since Dante says 'there is no science unless we retain what we have learned,' I have set down what I have gained from their discourse, and have composed a treatise *De Principatibus*, in which I enter, as deeply as I can, into the science of the subject, with reasonings on the nature of principality, its several species, and how they are acquired, how maintained, how lost. . . . To a prince, and especially to a new prince, it ought to prove acceptable. Therefore, I am dedicating it to the Magnificence of Giuliano.

*

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND POLITICS

THE political attitude of the Catholic Church in electoral campaigns has

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recently been defined from two most authoritative sources. In Italy the Pope took the occasion of an audience granted to the Federation of Catholic University Students to speak plainly against any collaboration between Catholics and Socialists. While this condemnation was meant to apply particularly to Italy, its general significance can scarcely be escaped. We quote from a translation of a part of these remarks in the London *Observer*: —

It is said that coöperation in a movement bad in itself is justified if the result be for the public good. This is false. Such coöperation, which can never be more than material, can be justified only by the absolute necessity of forestalling some greater evil. It is objected that Catholics work with Socialists in other countries . . . but apart from differences of surroundings and of historical, political, and religious conditions, it is one thing to be faced by a party already in power and quite another thing to prepare the way for such a party and help it to a dominant position in the State.

The *Universe*, a Catholic paper published in London, printed during the recent British campaign the following quotation from a sermon by Cardinal Bourne: —

The Catholic Church does not pretend and has never professed to give unity of political views, especially in a country like this, where it is perfectly easy for Catholics to take widely divergent political views. But remember that in politics you must have principle — principle based on the teaching of Christ and His Church.

Remember, too, that there is no political party in this country to which anyone can give allegiance without, as a Catholic, making certain reservations. He gives his allegiance to that party which seems to him, taken as a whole, to be best for the country and most in accordance with Christian principles. He must never forget, in giving allegiance to a political party, that he owes a primary allegiance to God, to Christ, and to the Church.

LIQUOR HERE AND ABROAD

THE British press claims that England is growing more sober and Wales more bibulous. But the excesses of the smaller country more than make up for the restraint of its larger neighbor, since convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales together increased by 947 between 1922 and 1923. The drinking of methylated spirits is growing. There are fewer 'pubs' and more clubs than formerly. For those who imagine that the bootlegging trade in liquor across our own borders is 'a flood,' it will be a sobering fact that British authorities, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, estimate that, even allowing for the detouring of whiskey and other spirits via Germany, Canada, and the West Indies, 'the total-export figures from Great Britain appear to indicate that the United States is probably not getting more than eight per cent of its pre-prohibition supplies.'

MINOR NOTES

NEW ZEALAND, though favored with local supplies of excellent steam coal, is carrying out ambitious schemes for utilizing her water power to generate electricity. That for the North Island contemplates the development of 160,000 horsepower within the next five years at an estimated cost of over $35,000,000. The South Island is working on a plan to develop 110,000 horsepower. The total possible development in this island alone is estimated at 3,200,000 horsepower, mostly from water sources that are practically immune from seasonal shortage. The projects when completed will save the Dominion 1,000,000 tons of coal out of its annual consumption of 2,400,000 tons, and facilitate the expansion of its already thriving manufacturing industries.

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THE new conquests of the airplane are not confined to America and Western Europe. Last September a party of Soviet aviators flew from Tashkent to Kabul in two days, for the purpose of delivering a consignment of airplanes to the Afghan Government. During this flight the planes crossed a part of the Hindu Kush range, which attains a maximum altitude of nearly twenty thousand feet. Naturally there was no safe landing-place in this rugged, remote, and sparsely populated country in case a machine was forced down. The trip was made successfully via a pass through the mountains some twelve thousand feet high, and the planes and their supplies were duly delivered at the Afghan capital. *Pravda*, commenting on this feat, observes: 'The transalpine flights over which the foreign press make such ado are child's play compared with this.'

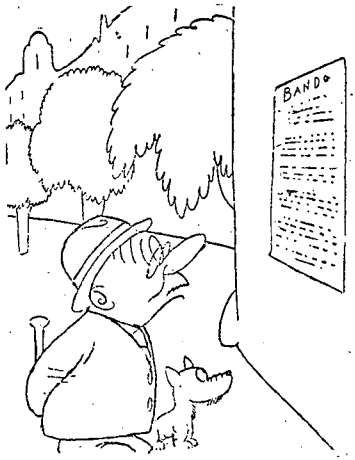
Dni, an anti-Bolshevist, Russian-language daily printed in Berlin, reports in its issue of October 7 that the Rumanian Ministry of Education has ordered the last two Russian schools in Kishinev, Bessarabia, to be closed. Previously the Rumanian authorities had permitted these institutions to exist, but had given them no financial support and had forbidden students who were not able to present documentary proof that they were of Russian descent and members of the Orthodox Church to attend them. Notwithstanding these discouragements, *Dni* says, they were well attended until their recent suppression.

ACCORDING to the Moscow correspondent of *Kölnische Zeitung*, the Nizhni Novgorod Fair this year was but moderately successful. The turnover, including merchandise for future delivery, amounted to between 65,000,000 and 66,000,000 gold rubles, or half that amount in American currency. High taxes and arbitrary exactions, according to this authority, have discouraged private traders, against whom Soviet authorities discriminated more severely this year than during the preceding fairs.

GOD SAVE THE KING AND LONG WAVE THE RED FLAG

No wonder MacDonald found it hard to sing both simultaneously. — *La Tribuna*, Rome

MADRID'S DAILY PROCLAMATION



Ah, ideas likewise must hereafter turn to the right. — Bagaría in *El Sol*

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A PARTY SYMPOSIUM

CONSERVATIVE, LIBERAL, AND LABOR VIEWS

From the *Outlook*, *October* 25
(London Semi-Radical Weekly)

I. THE CASE FOR CONSERVATISM

Our people are naturally Conservative. They are proud of the institutions they have elaborated through centuries of sometimes bitter experience and are never likely to sacrifice the bird in the hand for two in the bush. Mr. Bonar Law's victory in 1922 and Mr. Baldwin's defeat in 1923 are the latest illustrations of this familiar truth. To-day, when social, economic, and political changes are in progress all the world over, they are in no mood for a leap in the dark, and after a twelvemonth of Parliamentary uncertainty are eager for a stable, steady Government. In such a mood their natural instinct is toward Conservatism. The only obstacle to an overwhelming vote in its favor is a fear, not entirely without historical justification and pitilessly worked upon by Labor propagandists, that the Tories may be a little too slow in recognizing the signs of the times. Such a fear, however, cannot survive perusal of the Conservative programme.

In contrast to the manifestoes of the opposing parties, this programme is eminently cautious. The Liberals in particular are like the Athenians of old in their constant pursuit of some new thing. This election it is coal and power. It is natural enough that they should hanker for power after so long a spell of political impotence, but why drag in coal? It is dragged in because there is at present widespread and legitimate concern about our wasteful consumption of our resources, and Liberalism at once comes forward with a beautiful scheme for driving all the machines in England with the stuff that at present goes up the chimney. Contrast the attitude of Conservatism. It, too, is fully alive to the necessity of stopping waste of good fuel. But it is equally alive to the difficulties. It knows that many varieties of coal are produced in this country, that new methods of combustion are still in the experimental stage, that our war debt forbids reckless expenditure, and so on. It therefore proposes to proceed by thorough expert inquiry. There is nothing exciting about that, nothing to thrill impressionable audiences. But it happens to be the sensible and proper way to set to work.

This method of procedure is characteristic. Conservatism is always anxious that a step once taken shall not be retraced, that ground won shall be firmly held. It has applied the same method to insurance, and is pleading for its application to agriculture. Let Liberalism dazzle urban voters with its plan for a brand-new system worked by a corps of Lord High Interferers in every county. Conservatism, in its quiet, practical way, urges continuity of policy, springing from an agreement between parties or at least between agriculturists themselves.

The contrast with the Labor programme is even more striking. The Labor Party is a Socialist party. It will not be content, as Liberalism would be content, with a drastic reconstruction of our present system. It proposes to

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sweep it away and construct a new one. Our present system leaves the conduct of industry to individuals, under the control, authoritative because impartial, of the State. It is a common-sense system. Yet Labor seeks to abolish it and to destroy the State's impartial authority by setting up in rivalry to private enterprise, for no worthier reason than that the world is suffering from the economic distress inevitable after a great war. This is the modern method of obtaining roast pig by burning the house down.

Another feature of the Conservative programme is its stress on imperial development. Labor is prepared to use the Empire in its war on private enterprise or to sacrifice it to its internationalism, and Liberalism in its later phases has shown a narrowly businesslike readiness to exploit the Empire for the sake of national wealth. But Conservatism finds in the Empire a field for the exercise of its special quality of practical vision. It realizes what the permanent coöperation of a series of States of such immense diversity may mean to the world at large. It recognizes how immensely our government of India may affect the relations between European and Asiatic, at present full of ominous possibilities. It believes that its ideal of an organic union of free communities is not only splendid but practicable. Above all, it knows that in this matter it is peculiarly representative of national feeling.

This desire for comprehensiveness is another mark of Conservatism and has distinguished it throughout its history. The rival policies have a vindictive ring. Liberalism has always attacked somebody, landlords and publicans for preference, and Labor is full of wrath against the capitalists. Only Conservatism clings to its conception of a State which shall have room for all men and women of good-will.

Just because of this insistence on unity Conservatism can render exceptional service now. For there is no denying that these are difficult times, that tempers are strained, and motives suspect. Nothing could now be more injurious to the common weal than the triumph of a party whose business in office would be to inflame further feelings already sore. Conservatism will protect the country from that danger, while its steadiness and sanity will guarantee a recovery of national strength. Hence it is that the spiritual appeal of Conservatism, the quality on which a party relies in the last resort far more than on the points of its programme, is now particularly strong; so that its supporters are looking forward gravely but hopefully to the opportunities and responsibilities of office.

II. THE CASE FOR LIBERALISM

Somebody has said that Liberalism is not so much a creed as an attitude of mind. But whether this is true or no, it would be pretty generally conceded that there are so many conflicting definitions of Liberalism that it is only as an attitude of mind that it is at all intelligible. I therefore make no apology for introducing a personal note into this article. Liberalism is an abstraction about which you can argue endlessly, but the Liberal Party and the fact that I intend to vote for it are concrete realities, about which it is possible to talk with reasonable brevity.

Let me then put my position as clearly as possible. It is not an unusual position; in fact I am inclined to think it is the position of most people who, like myself, have no particular axe to grind in politics, and whose only reason for taking any part in it at all is the feeling that somehow or other the present troubles of society might be alleviated, and by the application of scien-

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tific knowledge to problems of statecraft the world might be made more pleasant and more kindly than it is.

I am not a Socialist. I have no objection to Socialism as a means; it is as an end in itself that I find it objectionable. If I thought that it would permanently increase the sum total of human happiness I would socialize all industry to-morrow. I would not do so merely to satisfy some dogmatic conception of social justice, which it seems to me is what the Socialists want to do; and, as it happens, I do not think that general nationalization would increase the sum total of human happiness.

For this reason I am unable to vote for the Labor Party. But I am not one of those who believe this party to be wholly of the Devil. I distrust Mr. MacDonald, and I dislike the pompous egotism which he brings into politics. But after all, Mr. MacDonald is not the first politician whose head has become too big for his hat, and many of his followers deplore his rhetoric as much as the rest of us. On the whole, indeed, I think it must be admitted that there is more passion for humanity, more disinterested enthusiasm for social improvement, in this party than in any other. Unfortunately, it has bound itself hand and foot to Socialism. And because I do not believe in Socialism, and because I cannot but condemn the specious promises with which, as I think, it rouses false hopes in the breasts of the unfortunate, I cannot think of throwing in my lot with it. On the contrary, I am bound to oppose it.

But if I reject Socialism as a dogma, and if I regard its economic proposals as being, in the main, unworkable, I am far from rejecting much of the criticism of existing conditions which it postulates. And in so far as it declares that we must reform or perish I am altogether with it. But the kind of reform which I want is different. I want reform which arises from the careful consideration of each problem as it arises. I want reform which recognizes the limitations of human impulses. I want reform which shall not wantonly destroy the past and its institutions, but shall adapt them to the needs of the present. I want reform which is based not upon some harebrained conception of social justice, but upon the broad principles of economics and utility. That kind of reform I think more likely to be forthcoming from the Liberals, and for that reason I shall give my vote to them.

Some of my friends, however, tell me that I shall find all this, and more, in the broad and catholic fold of modern Unionism, and in earnest thereof they direct my attention to the rare and refreshing fruits of Mr. Baldwin's programme. I am sorry; I am not tempted. I am distrustful of Conservative reformers. Mr. Baldwin impresses me as a sincere and honest statesman, and I would willingly subscribe to almost every sentence of the creed of social reform which is continually preached in the *Outlook*. But Mr. Baldwin is *sui generis*, and the *Outlook* is an independent journal. I cannot regard either as representative of Conservatism. I have participated in one or two elections. I have read the Conservative newspapers. Frankly, I cannot be converted by the presence among the reactionaries of one or two intellectuals who would be more at home in the ranks of Liberalism. They talk to me of Disraeli. But Disraeli was a Jew and a careerist; and certainly *he* had no illusions about the will to reform of the majority of the members of his party.

But I would not convey the impression that in voting Liberal I am under the slightest illusion of the likelihood of my having backed a winning party. Frankly, we are in for a bad time and, accidents apart, I do not see Liberalism coming into its own again for many a

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year to come. But this does not disconcert me. On the contrary, it justifies my action. What with big business and professional panic-mongers like Mr. Churchill flocking into the Conservative Party, and the Labor Party bidding more and more for a class suffrage, the maintenance of a party, however small, which makes its appeal irrespective of class interest becomes more and more necessary.

The greatest disaster which could befall this country would be the conversion of party politics into a class struggle — open warfare between the haves and the have-nots. So far, our imperviousness to Continental *Schwärmerei* and a certain native kindliness have kept us from this catastrophe. And so long as the Liberal Party exists and is independent, it will not happen. It is for this reason, and because in the confused times which I see ahead the instructed criticism of a small party which is beyond the allurements of office will be the one thing that will keep reason in our laws and sweetness in our politics, that I, for one, shall give my vote to the Liberal Party.

III. THE CASE FOR LABOR

THE case for Labor rests in part in its achievements and in part in its programme. On taking office nine months ago, the Labor Government proceeded to justify the hopes of its friends and to confound the expectation of its enemies. Unfit to govern! Labor has not only governed but, although in a minority, has set the stamp of its ideas on every department of public life. Its budget has reduced the duties on tea and sugar well beyond the point which Toryism considered possible, and has thereby made a real contribution to social welfare. Its education policy has again asserted the rights of the individual child, which were threatened by the misguided economies of the Geddes Committee. In agriculture it has reduced the rate of interest on loans to farmers, thus giving vitality to a Tory scheme; has stimulated the coöperative movement by way of protecting both growers and consumers from profiteering by trusts; and has reëstablished the principle of the minimum wage, which Mr. Lloyd George sacrificed in a fit of panic. It has eased the hard lot of the unemployed by putting an end to their old oscillation between the Labor Exchanges and the Poor Law, and has given them new hope for the future by its boldness and vision in considering new plans for public works. But in two fields above all it has shown its real quality: in its plans for housing and in its conduct of international affairs.

The Government's Housing Bill establishes two points which cannot now be challenged. First, the country's needs are such that they can be satisfied only by a coherent programme carried through for a term of years. Secondly, the strongest demand comes from those who must rent houses because they cannot afford to buy. This demand must be met, and the weakness of the Chamberlain Act was that it entirely failed to meet it. Vested interests forbade any interference with the method which they preferred. Mr. Wheatley has not hesitated to insist that houses shall be provided on terms satisfactory to the public. Incidentally he is the first Minister of Health to recognize that rural housing constitutes a special problem, and it may well be that his Bill will prove the foundation of a back-to-the-land policy.

In international affairs Mr. Ramsay MacDonald took over an ominous inheritance. In her desire to show good-will to France and to Germany, Britain had aroused the suspicion of both, and her prestige throughout Europe was at its lowest. Thanks to Mr. MacDonald's firm but tactful

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management, relations between France and Germany have at last been placed on a tolerable footing, and Britain has been able to give the League of Nations a splendid lead in its effort to establish a system of world peace based on arbitration and disarmament. The much-abused Russian Treaty is another and most necessary step towards the same end, for the world can never know real peace so long as it leaves Russia out of account.

It is said that by making a treaty with the Bolsheviki the Prime Minister has betrayed an inclination towards Bolshevism. Lord Curzon made peace with the Turks; is he thereby convicted of hankering after a harem? It is said that the guaranteed loan is a piece of folly. Yet it is admitted, on the one hand, that the resources of Russia are infinite, and, on the other, that they cannot be turned to account except by means of a loan. It is also admitted that Russia, like Austria before her, cannot take the first step towards reconsolidation without the aid of some external guaranty. But we are urged to wait until some other Government is set up in Russia. That means that we must definitely turn our back on Russia in her need, for a Government which has overcome half a dozen rebellions and has survived the shock of Lenin's death must be regarded as firmly in power. Finally, it is objected that the Bolsheviki offer no proper security. On the contrary, they have definitely admitted the principle of debt-repayment, and are ready to accept conditions as to the expenditure of the proposed loan. In fact, alike on political and on financial grounds the case for the treaty is thoroughly sound.

Unable to attack Labor on its record, its enemies look to its programme and shriek 'Socialism!' It is surely time that they gave up trying to make a scarecrow of that word. 'We are all Socialists nowadays,' said Sir William Harcourt a generation ago; and Labor's Socialism means in principle nothing more than that the interests of the State as a whole are greater than the interests of any one class. There was a time when the manufacturing class protested against factory legislation as an attack on their interests, but the State overruled them. It must equally overrule the masters of the industrial system to-day, and for the same reason: that it operates to the detriment of the common weal. The State, by its graduated scale of taxation, seeks to correct monstrous inequalities in the distribution of wealth. Would it not be better to correct the system which produces them? The State is now regularly called upon to compose industrial disputes. Would it not be more profitably engaged in removing their causes? Such considerations as these have satisfied Labor that the State must assume a control over industry not yet exercised, and its Socialism, which prejudice, timidity, or selfishness seeks to identify with red ruin and blue murder, is in reality a constructive, moderate, and somewhat overdue policy of essential social reform.

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THE ANTI-SOCIALIST DANGER

From the *New Statesman, October 25*
(London Liberal-Labor Weekly)

'Lady Astor has strengthened her position by her strenuous opposition to Socialism in every shape and form.' — The *Times*

Lady Astor will not misunderstand us if we appear to single her out to point a moral. Our interest in her position, though profound, is quite impersonal; she is the type of some four-hundred-odd Conservative candidates and of a considerable number of new recruits to the Anti-Socialist cause. These recruits are of two sorts. There is a small band of soldiers of fortune who call themselves 'Constitutionalists,' and have been formally approved or adopted by the local Conservative Association — men like Mr. Churchill, who has discarded Liberalism, and Sir Hamar Greenwood, who has been discarded by Liberalism, and Colonel John Ward, who has discarded, or been discarded by, everyone. Secondly there is a larger body of Liberals who have decided that the principles of Anti-Socialism are more important than the principles of Liberalism — or that they are the same thing. We do not, of course, complain of any of these gentlemen proclaiming themselves Anti-Socialists, though a great section of the Liberal Party, it seems, does complain very bitterly. The pact, or quasi-pact, or arrangement, or whatever is the right name for this much-disputed accommodation, has incensed the Radical rank and file. And the Radical rank and file may presently give an unexpected reply to Liberal candidates 'who have offered the Conservatives an assurance that they will fight Socialism by both word and deed,' and to Liberal leaders who are exhorting them to jump out of the Labor frying pan into the Tory fire. But this internal crisis in the fortunes of the Liberal Party, important though it may be, is not for the moment our primary concern. What we want to know is what is meant by 'strenuous opposition to Socialism in every shape and form.'

We shall not get any clear answer to that question, we expect, from Lady Astor or any of her Tory or Constitutionalist or Liberal friends. But perhaps we can ourselves supply one which will not be far from the truth. Let us begin by looking at the principal 'shapes and forms of Socialism' that are to be strenuously opposed. The most spectacular and hardworked of them is, of course, the Moscow chimera. But this is a joke — a thin joke and a stale joke. It is difficult to believe that even the vociferous showmen, like Mr. Churchill and the *Morning Post*, any longer take it seriously. It is difficult not to see the tongue in the cheek of the aristocratic lady who in a local Tory paper paints a vision of what will happen 'if a Socialist Government comes into power again': 'Our beloved country will become a Russian bear garden; trade will cease, the population will starve, and the nation will be rent from top to bottom.' At any rate, this trash, though it may make the electors laugh, will not delude them; for everybody knows that the British 'Socialist Government' and the British Labor Party have not the slightest inclination to introduce Russian Communism into this country, even if they could. There is about as much sense in depicting Mr. MacDonald as a Bolshevist bear as there would be in depicting Mr. Baldwin as the Emperor Nero.

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But there are other less chimerical shapes and forms of Socialism for which the Labor Party does stand. And it is against these, and not against the 'Red Peril,' that the Anti-Socialist opposition is in reality directed. The Labor Party has declared that its purpose is the transformation of our present capitalist society into a Socialist society. It does not, of course, visualize a catastrophic revolution — indeed, it has clearly repudiated any such aim; the transformation, it has declared, must inevitably be slow and gradual. It does not profess to aim at, still less to have cut and dried plans for, the public ownership of every industry; it knows that it must proceed cautiously and experimentally, having regard to the circumstances in each particular case as well as to public opinion. It does not 'borrow all its ideas from Germany,' as Mr. Churchill sneeringly asserts. However much it may appraise Karl Marx as a critic of the existing order, it no more accepts him as an architect of the future order than it accepts the Man in the Moon. And, indeed, if the Anti-Socialist scaremongers were a little less ignorant of Marx they would know that he offers no guidance as to the precise way in which the British, or any other, people should organize their industries and their commerce. The Labor Party, then, is a socialistic party — but it rests on no doctrinaire basis. It is quite properly, and indeed necessarily, vague about many of its future steps; it is not absolutely agreed even as to the method of carrying out more immediate steps. It is, in short, a party of democratic reform. It aims at reforms on certain principles, which are popularly called socialistic. It insists that the public welfare should come first, and private interests second. For the worker, the producer in industry, it demands not only a higher standard of physical comfort, but greater freedom, an increase of self-government. For the consumer, it demands the cheapest and the best service that can be made available. In those matters which touch us primarily, not as producers or consumers, but as citizens — education or public health, for example — the Labor Party regards it as the business of the State to ensure the greatest possible efficiency of mind and body. And finally it looks upon taxation not merely as a method of collecting revenue, but as an instrument to be used deliberately and increasingly for the redressing of social inequalities.

Now Anti-Socialists may, if it interests them, engage in an academic debate with the Socialists on these principles in the abstract. But the debate will make most of us yawn. What we are concerned about is how the Anti-Socialist is going to meet the attempt to put this or that one of the principles into practice. It must surely be rank folly on his part to damn in advance any and every reform 'because it is introduced by the Socialists.' He may quite legitimately examine any measure with a critical eye. He may object to a plan for the nationalization of the coal mines or of the railways that it is too 'bureaucratic' or too 'syndicalistic.' He may question the desirability of putting the milk supply of a town in the hands of the municipality. He may doubt whether the hospitals would be better run by the public health authorities than as private charities, or whether children ought to continue their schooling till they are sixteen. He may argue that the raising of the income tax or the death duties will damage rather than benefit the poor. But in all this he has got to accept broadly the same working principles of reform as his opponents. If the Anti-Socialist really wants progress, it is sheer nonsense to talk of 'opposition to Socialism in every shape and

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form.' He must, in fact, vote for it again and again.

But is 'opposition to Socialism in every shape and form' to be regarded, then, as a mere idle phrase? We fear not. It describes only too accurately the attitude of the apostles of reaction. Their attitude is not that of the idealist critic like Mr. Belloc, for instance, offering the respectable, though, as we think, impracticable, alternative of the Distributive State. Theirs is the Anti-Socialism of Big Business and the little huckster, of 'His Grace of Rackrent and the indomitable Plugson of Undershot.' The rights of property come first, and all the rest — the wages of labor, the convenience of the public, the health of the poor, the freedom of the workers — a bad second. Is this a travesty of the facts? There are a cloud of witnesses to prove it — mining-royalty owners and colliery proprietors; engineering employers who will not abate by one jot or tittle 'their right to control their own business in their own way'; trust magnates of every sort, coolly exploiting the public; rich landlords growing richer on their inherited ground rents; politicians ready at the nod of the F. B. I. to wield the axe of economy on the education and health of the people. But surely, it will be said, this is not what Lady Astor and her more enlightened Tory and Liberal associates mean by 'opposition to Socialism in every shape and form.' We do not know whether it is what they mean; but it is what their masters — the men who dominate their party — mean. Anti-Socialism may be a fine-sounding battle cry against the Labor Party in this election; but when it has triumphed, and the Anti-Socialist Government is in power, Anti-Socialism will merely mean anti-social-reform. No doubt the Anti-Socialists will prattle of their old nostrums — profit-sharing and Whitley Councils for the industrial workers, protective duties for the unemployed and contributory pensions for old men and widows. These, with a few oddments of makeweight, comprise the Conservative programme. Nobody can take it seriously, least of all the directors of the Tory Party. Their aim, as they have made pretty plain, is stability, and what that will mean, we may be quite sure, will be sterility at home, and — with Lord Curzon back at the Foreign Office — perpetual convulsions abroad.

In all these circumstances, the victory of the Anti-Socialists may be a shorter-lived thing than they expect. Lady Astor and her friends may be 'strengthening their position' at this election, but they are preparing a day of reckoning for themselves at the next. For how is this barren creed of Anti-Socialism going to appeal to the vast mass of the working classes? We are not living in the nineteenth century, in the golden age of *laissez faire* and the Wages Fund Theory. The electorate may not be at all clear about the principles of Socialism, and a great part of it very probably does not care a row of buttons about them. But it can at least tell the difference between something and nothing, and it knows that it wants something. The Anti-Socialists are deliberately inviting it to go to the Labor Party for reforms — and go it will, we believe, by millions. And do the Tories think that the Liberals will save them? They may have the help in Parliament of Mr. Lloyd George (on such terms as suit him) and of Sir Alfred Mond and other lesser fry, and in the country the votes of the Whigs. But the Liberal Party, we fancy, contains more Radicals than Whigs. If the Radicals are forced to choose between the road to the left and the road to the right, there can be small doubt which they will take.

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VALE RAMSAY

From the *Saturday Review, November* 1
(English Tory Review)

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has virtues which we do not in the least wish to deny, but they are of that ineffectual and fatal kind that eventually bring their possessor to a worse corruption of political character than can be found among mere demagogues or sheer revolutionaries. His better impulses, which are rather frequent, do not issue in completed actions; they do but urge him to first steps which he soon begins to explain away with a disingenuousness to which coarser and more callous natures would never be driven. He has not political conscience enough to keep straight continuously; he has only political conscience enough to feel obliged to square accounts with it, and he does so by a reluctant erasure here, a timid false entry there, complaining bitterly the while of the audit that forces a man honest by inclination to such practices.

Given a world in which there were no Mr. Campbell and no Sir Patrick Hastings, no Zinoviev and no wild men in a generally rather respectable Socialist Party, he would be a model of political rectitude. As it is, this wobbler on the frontier of two moralities moves toward eventual destruction. Sooner or later he will be thrown over by his following. It is a party to be led by a fanatic or by an adventurer, not by a man who can neither believe that to the elect all things are permitted nor act on the principle of *pecca fortiter*. Socialism can still use him, and the gunmen of Communism are doubtless glad of a politician whose hands go up so easily; but all that does not affect the truth that he is the kind of leader revolutionaries discard after the initial stages of the revolution. It will, it may be hoped, be a long time before Mr. MacDonald has again an opportunity of leading a Socialist Government, and therefore a long time before the question of his personal position with his party is put to the test. When he becomes Leader of the Opposition, however, he will have peculiar opportunities for falling a victim to his own extremists. Freed from the responsibility — lightly as he appeared to regard it — of a post in which he was the spokesman of the nation and therefore presumably to some extent awed into caution, he may become again the weak prey of this intrigue and that.

For the past nine months the British public has treated Mr. MacDonald with extraordinary lenience and good nature; it has given him every chance and been ready to overlook his preliminary shortcomings. Encouraged by a press which somewhat overdid its plaudits, people were dazzled into momentary forgetfulness of the true nature of this man's record. They chivalrously overlooked his reputation in the war. They know now how on assuming the Premiership he conveniently put aside the wild promises of his pre-office days, how he assiduously cultivated the air of the moderate, yet as Prime Minister of England toured the country to the tune of the Red Flag. When in a few weeks he is again without office he will be at liberty to readopt his earlier predilections. The people of this country will do well to keep his actions under scrutiny.

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PRELUDE TO MACHIAVELLI

BY BENITO MUSSOLINI

From *La Revue de Genève, September*
(Swiss Political and Literary Monthly)

[The following article is the introduction to the thesis submitted by Mussolini to the University of Bologna for his doctor's degree. It was originally published in *Gerachia*, the Milan monthly that he edits. Read in connection with the article entitled 'Socialist Christianity' which appeared in our issue of November 8, it affords an interesting illustration of how Socialist idealists and Fascist realists respectively appraise human nature.]

It chanced that one day I was notified from Imola — by the Black legions of Imola — of the gift of a sword engraved with Machiavelli's saying: 'It is not with words that one maintains governments.'

That ended my hesitation and decided the choice of the thesis I submit to-day to your judgment. I might call it 'A Commentary in the Year 1924 upon the *Prince* of Machiavelli' — upon a book that I am inclined to call *The Statesman's Vade Mecum*. I must hasten to add, in justice to academic candor, that this thesis is supported by a very limited bibliography, as will at once be noticed. I have reread thoughtfully the *Prince* and the other works of the Great Secretary, but I have had neither the time nor the desire to read all that has been written in Italy and elsewhere about Machiavelli. I have wished to put as few intermediaries as possible between Machiavelli and myself, so that I might not lose direct contact between his teachings and my life experience, between his observation and my observation of men and things, between his art of government and my own. What I have the honor to read to you, therefore, is not a cold, scholastic dissertation bristling with citations from other writers. It is rather a drama — if one may, as I believe, regard from a dramatic angle an attempt to throw a bridge of intellectual understanding across the gulf of time and history.

I shall not say anything that is new.

The question is this: After an interval of four centuries, how much of the *Prince* is still of vital significance to-day? Are the teachings of Machiavelli of practical utility in governing a modern State? Was the value of the political system presented in the *Prince* confined to the time when the book was written, and therefore necessarily limited and transitory, or does it remain of universal and contemporary application — particularly contemporary application? My thesis is designed to answer these questions. I affirm that the teaching of Machiavelli is valid to-day after the lapse of four centuries, because, even though the external aspects of our life have changed radically, those changes do not imply fundamental modifications in the mind and character of individuals and peoples.

If politics is the art of governing men — that is, of guiding, utilizing, and evoking their passions, their egoisms, their interests, to serve general ends that almost always transcend the life of the individual because they project themselves into the future —

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if politics is that, there is no doubt that the fundamental element of this art is man himself. It is from man that we must set out. What are men in the political system of Machiavelli? What does Machiavelli think of men? Is he an optimist or a pessimist? In saying 'men' should we restrict the definition to the Italians whom Machiavelli knew and studied as his contemporaries, or should we embrace in that term all men, irrespective of time and place — in other words, 'under the aspect of eternity'?

It seems to me that, before proceeding to an analytical examination of Machiavelli's system of politics as it is summarized for us in the *Prince*, we must first establish exactly what Machiavelli's conception of men in general, and perhaps of Italians in particular, actually was. Now even a superficial reading of the *Prince* at once makes evident Machiavelli's bitter pessimism in respect to human nature. Like all those who have had broad and constant relations with their kind, Machiavelli despises men, and loves to present them to us — as I shall point out immediately by my citations — under their most negative and deceitful aspects.

Men, according to Machiavelli, are evil, more attached to material possessions than to their own kin, ever ready to change their sentiments and their convictions. In Chapter Seventeen of the *Prince*, Machiavelli expresses himself thus: —

'For we may say here in general that men are ungrateful, inconstant, deceiving, cowardly in the face of danger, greedy for gain: and as long as you do them favors they are loyal to you and ready to pledge you their blood, their property, their lives, their children — until, as I have said above, they no longer need you; but when that time arrives they are quick to desert you. And the Prince who trusts to their promises, finding himself abandoned, is lost. Men are more ready to offend a person whom they have learned to love than a person whom they have learned to fear; for love is dominated by a tie of obligation which, assuming that men are evil, may cease to be of any selfish profit to them. But fear is dominated by dread of punishment, which persists as long as that fear endures.'

Turning now to human selfishness, I find the following statement in his miscellaneous papers: 'Men complain more of losing a fortune than of losing a brother or a father, for we forget our grief over a death but never over a loss of property. The reason is obvious. Everyone knows that if there is a change of government it will not restore his brother to life, but it may restore a lost estate.' And in the third chapter of his *Discourses:* 'As all those who have written of political affairs have pointed out, and as all history shows by numerous examples, a man who founds a republic and drafts the laws that govern it must assume that all men are evil and prone to indulge their evil impulses whenever they are free to do so. Men never guide their conduct by ideal motives, but by necessity. But wherever liberty abounds and licence is possible, a country is at once filled with confusion and disorder.'

I might multiply similar quotations, but it is not necessary. The citations I have made are sufficient to prove that Machiavelli's low opinion of men is not accidental and occasional, but fundamental in his philosophy of life. It recurs in all his works; it represents the fixed conviction of an experienced and disillusioned mind. We must keep in view this initial and essential fact if we are to follow intelligently the successive development of Machiavelli's thought.

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It is equally obvious that Machiavelli, in forming this opinion of men, was considering not merely the men of his own time — the Florentines, the Tuscans, the Italian cavaliers, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries — but men without distinction of time and space. Time has passed, but if I may express an opinion of my contemporaries, I cannot extenuate in any respect Machiavelli's judgment. I might perhaps even increase its severity. Machiavelli did not delude himself, and did not delude the Prince. The antithesis between the Prince and the people, between the State and the individual, is vital in Machiavelli's political thinking. What has been called the utilitarianism, the pragmatism, the cynicism of Machiavelli, is the logical consequence of this initial position. The word 'Prince' should be understood to mean the State. In Machiavelli's mind the Prince is the State. While individuals, impelled by their selfish interests, tend toward what I might call social atomism, the State represents organization and limitation. The individual seeks continually to evade restraint. His impulse is to disobey laws, not to pay taxes, not to fight for his country. Rare are the men — the heroes and the saints — who are willing to sacrifice their ego on the altar of the common weal. All others are, *in posse*, in constant rebellion against the State.

The revolutions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries sought to remove this conflict, which is basic in all social organization, by making the powers of government proceed from the free will of the people. Thereby they added merely one more fiction, one more illusion, to the existing stock. First of all, 'the people' has never been defined. As a political entity it is a pure abstraction. No one can say precisely where it begins or where it ends. The epithet 'sovereign' applied to a people is a tragic farce. At the most the people may delegate sovereignty — they can never exercise it.

Representative systems of government are mechanical rather than moral contrivances. Even in countries where this mechanism has been generally employed for several centuries there come solemn hours when the people are no longer consulted, because it is felt that their answer would be fatally wrong. The paper crown of sovereignty, pretty enough in ordinary times, is snatched from their brow and they are ordered preëmptorily to accept a revolution or a peace, or to march into the unknown of war. They are given no choice but to utter the monosyllable 'Yes,' and obey.

You see, therefore, that the sovereignty so graciously granted to the people is taken from them the very moment when it might prove of practical importance. The people are allowed to play with sovereignty only so long as it is harmless or thought to be so — that is, during periods of normal administration.

Can you imagine a war declared by referendum? A referendum serves very well for choosing the best site for a village fountain, but when the supreme interests of a nation are at stake even the most democratic governments take good care not to leave them to the decision of the masses.

Therefore, even régimes patterned after the recipe of the *Encyclopédie* — that visionary school which sinned through Rousseau by an inexcusable excess of optimism — still perpetuate the inescapable conflict between the organized force of the State and the incurable separatism of individuals and groups. No such thing as a government by contract ever existed, exists to-day, or will probably ever exist in the future. Long before I

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wrote an article which later became famous, 'Force and Consent,' Machiavelli said in the *Prince:* —

'From this it results that all armed prophets have been victorious and all unarmed prophets have been vanquished, because the mind of the people is fickle, and it is easy to persuade them that a thing is right, but exceedingly difficult to keep them steadfast in that conviction. This is why it is necessary to be constantly prepared so that when they no longer assent they may be compelled to assent by force. Moses, Cyrus, Theseus, Romulus, would not have been able to enforce their constitutions for any length of time if they had been disarmed.'

ITALIANS IN AMERICA

BY DE RITIS

From *La Stampa, September* 22
(Turin Giolitti Daily)

A great surplus of 'intellectuals' exists in every country. These gentlemen have an exaggerated idea of what they call their value; yet they earn with difficulty their daily bread, and with still more difficulty a little additional to go with it.

Except for a few worthy exceptions, these intellectuals are for the most part half-educated people with vague ideas and confused aspirations. They live in a state of constant indignation with conditions in their homeland, and they have no place of refuge abroad. Italy perhaps produces more of them than any other country — thousands and thousands of them; for one of our seven hereditary plagues is literature, although there is no quicker route to oblivion than breaking into print.

Italy has a superficies of mobile passions and attachments — the intellectual, incurably polemical Italy. This Italy presents a striking contrast to the humble, industrious, frugal Italy of history — the Italy that throughout her existence has devoted herself to material production, like an ancient, worthy, tight-fisted husbandman who spends his life in the plodding performance of necessary and useful labor and whose industry and commonsense are expected to repair in moments of disaster the errors and waywardness of his prodigal sons. Our literature represents a compromise between these two Italys, that might impose upon the trusting minds of our fathers, but receives little credit or support from the contemporary generation.

What is to be done? It was seriously discussed and proposed to include in the great currents of labor that were flowing from Italy to foreign shores a liberal quota of intellectuals. But what intellectuals? Only lately the Italian Chamber of Commerce of New York has had to denounce publicly the falsity and the dangers of the new and old illusions that incompetent advisers have recklessly propagated among us. The distinction between educated immigrants and immigrant laborers made in the former three-per-cent law of the

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United States encouraged a flood of our young school-graduates to seek their fortune in that country. They left home without special preparation for life in America, without a knowledge of English, and without a definite occupation in view. They arrived there only to encounter unemployment and the distress inevitable in a land that has no use for any but trained workers. They could not get a foothold in the uncompromisingly chauvinistic and hidebound American environment, which has more intellectuals of its own than it can accommodate. Neither could they 'find a job' among their fellow immigrants. Except for a few qualified professional men, who are sufficient for the needs of the Italian colonies in America and who make a good living, newcomers of this sort must struggle pitifully to keep alive as underpaid clerks, newspaper scribblers, labor agitators, patriotic orators, or half-starved artists and poets. But the immigration law just enacted has closed the gates of the Union even to intellectuals unless they are particularly qualified to fill a definite place in the life of the country and already have an established reputation in their particular field.

Let me say in passing that this much-discussed legislation, while it is causing at the moment serious inconvenience to Italy, who must find some outlet for her surplus population, promises eventually to benefit her people both morally and politically. The United States does not think of immigration except in connection with Americanization. It does not want 'Dagos,' but citizens. The Germans and the Jews have caught that idea and have gained a firm foothold in the country — the former on account of their inborn business talent and technical training, the latter on account of their financial genius. They have thus made themselves a potent influence in the social and economic life of the country, despite the keen rivalry of the older native population.

In fact, although the United States continues to evolve along the line determined by the early, strictly English, settlers, it is more accurate to-day to describe the Americans as an Anglo-Celtic-Germanic blend, rather than as Anglo-Saxons. During the last thirty years there has been a strong Latin-Greek-Slavic immigration. But these newcomers have remained practically isolated from the rest of the people. They do not share the nation's spiritual and intellectual life, or exercise an appreciable directive influence in its affairs.

This disposition to live exclusively among themselves and to form colonies has made South European immigrants, including the Italians, practically non-entities in American public life, which remains entirely under the control and direction of the old dominant classes, who concentrate all power and office in their hands. To be sure, the ethnological composition of the American people has changed. The spirit of a new race is manifesting itself, and with this are coming profound modifications of civic character. None the less, the control of public affairs still rests securely in the hands of the original minority, which to-day, under the pressure of powerful political, social, and religious influences, has revived the cult of what are called Anglo-Saxon ideals, and tolerates, under the pretext of their assimilability, only immigrants from Northern Europe. Whether the present leaders succeed or not in their exclusionist policy, they command the situation with the coöperation of naturalized citizens of Irish, German, and Jewish descent.

The last great wave of immigration, that from Italy, has placed its stamp,

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by mere strength of numbers, on the topography of the great cities, but it has resisted remarkably the fusion of the melting-pot. Its members have for the most part lingered in the margin of the nation's life, either shutting themselves up in slums, where they drag out a sordid and frugal existence, or unconsciously becoming the physical and moral victims of a society that places no ideal value upon heroism and sentiment, but rates important only practical training and hypocritical conventions. A sad fate! All the fine gifts of ready adaptability, of painstaking skill, of rustic honesty, of unremitting industry, of frugal saving, which are such important virtues in a poor and patriarchal country like Italy, are converted in a land like America, with her vast population, her fabulous production, and her high standards of living, into grave offenses against her intensely mechanized industrial civilization. That civilization is based on waste and high consumption, consecrates all its resources to the ideal of comfort, and considers complete standardization the ultimate terrestrial paradise.

The American looks down on every foreigner. If the foreigner remains outside the picture, if he does not learn the language of the country, if he eats, drinks, sleeps, and dresses himself differently from other people, he is rated offhand as an inferior creature — a Dago. Depth of thinking and delicacy of feeling do not count. America has no ancient social ailments or psychological complications. The utmost favor she shows the stranger within her gates is to leave him the supreme felicity of not belonging to her. Her gospel is numbers, numbers, nothing but numbers, compiled in statistical tables to make future centuries gasp with astonishment.

Three fourths of our culture is in American opinion superfluous knowledge, and for that reason there can never be a true and intimate marriage of the Latin and the American mind. There can only be a more or less formal mutual toleration. The Irish, Germans, and Scandinavians, partly because of their racial affinity and partly by free choice, amalgamate with the Americans and become indistinguishable from them. The Italians cannot thus dissolve themselves in this formidable current of assimilation. They may reconcile themselves to life in their new home, adjust themselves in a measure to its conditions, but only in so far as they can accept, without sacrificing their own soul, the political, æsthetic, and economic ideals that America considers the sole expression of civilization.

Yet one must become part of the adopted country if he is to live and prosper in that new world where the Italians should no longer be a servile and immigrant caste but should share fully the rewards that America lavishes on those who possess the qualities to win them.

The esteem and the favors of the adopted country across the ocean will be bestowed only on its new citizens, and not on those pitiful ethnographic fragments, the 'Little Italys,' which it ignores and despises. The knell of these Little Italys has already sounded; their members are even now hastening to become American citizens.

Visions of America's material bounties continue to solve almost automatically some of Italy's problems that we fondly imagined we could solve with empty rhetoric and encyclopædic incompetence. A few years back Washington's famous educational test excluding illiterate immigrants did more to convince our peasantry of the value of an education than all our own laws and regulations and educational conferences had accomplished to that end. Our country schools were immediately

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crowded, because a person who could not read or write could not secure admission to the United States. And again to-day, the mere rumor of new restrictive regulations is driving our people in throngs to the naturalization offices of the United States, in order that they may acquire the American citizen's right to travel where he will without restraint.

Become Americans! That is the new watchword among our self-expatriated subjects. It settles once for all the indecisions that have hitherto haunted the emigrant's mind — questions of sympathy, questions of ideals, questions of customs, questions of standards of living — to the benefit of America, and indirectly to the benefit of Italy itself. Our people abroad will no longer be Dagos, but citizens. Does this mean a loss to the Latin race? Will not the Italian boy, admitted to the schools as the equal of the American boy, often surpass him in talent and intelligence? Have not Italian professional men already attained distinction in America in many intellectual and scientific pursuits? And where are skilled workers to be found better trained in certain trades than those of Italy?

It will seem atrocious to many of our intellectuals, with their conventional conception of nationalism, that no choice should be left us except to encourage our emigrants to become Americans—while of course preserving their Italian sympathies. But if these protesters will stop to ponder a moment, they will realize that no Italian culture has taken root in the Little Italys, which speak a hodgepodge of American-Italian; and they will recognize that the imperfectly educated intellectuals we send there are rapidly submerged among their struggling and necessarily material-minded countrymen. The only educated Italians to whom America opens the doors of opportunity are those who have an established reputation and are truly qualified representatives of our culture. Such men are welcomed with esteem by the Americans themselves as well as by their homesick fellow countrymen, who eagerly long for some authoritative message from the heart of the motherland they still love.

We stand, therefore, at a decisive parting of the ways in our emigration policy. The amorphous Little Italys are about to disappear. Their members, enrolled among the citizens of their adopted land, are certain to assimilate the language, the customs, and the ideals of their new country. They can become good Americans without ceasing to be good Italians. We already have examples of this in the older and better communities of American-Italians — for example, in California, where immigrants and their descendants live like Americans but still retain Italian traits, where they talk English but have not forgotten to read their mother tongue.

Italy should therefore send forth her sons not as emigrants but as future citizens in their new home. That is an inexorable necessity, compensated by the certainty that not all her sons will be lost; they can become Americans without sacrificing that intimate and sensitive something that constitutes the Italian type of mind. Memories of the motherland and love of her traditions will always remain a spiritual refuge from the arid routine of a life spent among machines and devoid of the graces of poetry and sentiment. It is eternally true that man does not live by bread alone; but it is still more pertinently true that he must have bread first.

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SKIRTING THE SAHARA IN A MOTOR-CAR

BY LEO WEHRLI

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, August* 28, 29, 31, *September* 1, 2
(Swiss Liberal-Republican Daily)

[This account of an automobile trip in the Sahara, in a car supplied by the regular service of the Auto-circuit Nord-Africain, was written by a member of a party of three Swiss scientists who made the journey last spring. We take up their chronicle after they were established at the Hôtel de la Compagnie Trans-Atlantique at Tuggurt in southern Algeria, at the end of a railway line extending 130 miles southward from Biskra.]

Tuggurt is the jumping-off place for caravans leaving for the southern Sahara. It is a prepossessing town of twenty-five hundred people, — or ten thousand if we include the surrounding villages, — situated seventy metres above the sea, just north of the thirty-third parallel [about the latitude of Augusta, Georgia]. Two broad rectangular towers and a couple of tall, lonely palm-trees rise above the dazzling white sky-line of single-storied, windowless houses. The unburned-brick walls of the latter are precisely of the same height, except where neglected repairs make an occasional break in their monotony. More pretentious buildings are of rough undressed gypsum with round white-washed domes. The market place, in the southwestern corner of the town, is surrounded by graceful arcades containing merchants' booths and artisans' shops. One side is occupied by public buildings several stories high — the French Government Offices, the barracks, the post office, and two or three hotels. Toward the south are a few villas with pretty gardens and the great oasis, said to contain 170,000 palm-trees.

At six o'clock on the morning of April 2, the automobile which was to take us across the desert to Tunis stood waiting at the door. Since the first trial trip in February, only five cars had made the journey. Our conveyance was a covered, omnibus-like vehicle, open at the sides, with a roomy tonneau. It had three axles and six wheels, two in front and four behind, and carried extra parts and supplies, including more than twenty gallons of distilled water for cooling our radiator. The water along the route contains too much alkali for this purpose. Our luggage included a camera and a compass, besides our scientific instruments; and our party, in addition to ourselves, consisted of a keen young Alsatian named Zimmerman, who drove the car, and the native soldier, with a rifle and six cartridges, who was to serve both as our guard and as our guide. Not a cloud was visible, and the cool morning air, only fifty degrees above zero, promised a clear, windless day.

We started out in the best of spirits, following a broad, well-defined trail east by northeast. It was not long before the oasis and the town shrank to a black line interrupted by a glistening white speck on the horizon, and before we were five miles away the first big sand-dune hid them entirely from our sight.

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We now found ourselves in a new world. A wall of reddish écru-colored sand, sixty or eighty feet high, rose ahead of us, ascending in a shallow convexity to a sharp comb bending leeward, like the crest of a breaking wave. Beyond it was an abrupt descent into a little sand-valley which rose again to a new crest, precisely like the first, and so on to a third and a fourth, each higher than its predecessor. Our astonished eyes followed this succession of wave lines until they fused together in the distance or diverged to embrace a new series of similar crests. The range of vision is shorter in this dune country than it is from a small boat in a rough sea. Even from the higher crests we saw nothing but an apparently boundless expanse of more or less parallel dunes extending diagonally across our course like a yellow petrified sea.

The sand was lifeless and yet it possessed a latent mobility that caused the slightest puff of air to ripple its surface and to blow clouds of fine yellow dust from the sharp comb of its recumbent billows. Not a spear of vegetation was in sight — only one unbroken expanse of an indescribable rose-yellow, with the dazzling pale-blue vault of heaven above. The dominant note in this weird landscape was seclusion, self-concentration; it was grand, dignified, beautiful, but mute with the solemn meditative stillness of the grave.

Here the impression is not the same as in high mountain solitudes, among lifeless, craggy pinnacles or fern brackens. There a person treads firm soil, and every step gives a new aspect to the view. Even when the blizzard drives ice needles into his face, freshly fallen snow covers his trail, and the echoing glaciers open new fissures before his feet, he knows that the sun will melt the snow and uncover the familiar trail; that new blossoms will scatter their fragrance there year after year; and that even the ancient glacier is merely creeping toward its valley grave. But these sand mountains are nomadic — true desert-dwellers. Tomorrow's high wind will completely change their contours. The deceptive repose of the moment is uncanny. Should these mighty billows begin to move, I might perish in them.

A man comes here an uninvited intruder from another sphere, and feels that he should make himself invisible in order not to disturb Nature's noble picture. Our modern automobile, breaking the stillness with its rattle and chugging, and contaminating the pure desert-air with the odor of smoke and gasoline, was a peculiarly discordant note in the harmony of this unspoiled landscape.

To be sure, we met from time to time, especially near Tuggurt at the beginning of the journey, caravans crossing the sandy waves and billows, and looking in the distance like strings of tiny marionettes. Camels paced solemnly along with an elastic grace as if their cushioned feet trod with the utmost softness the satiny surface of the sand, and gravely moved their self-satisfied, long-nosed heads backward and forward in rhythm with their steps. They and their burnoose-clad drivers, who saluted us pleasantly as they passed, slipped silently through the desert, which is so peculiarly their own and can never be ours.

Europe's only permanent intrusion into this region is the telegraph line that runs without a bend or detour toward the Tunis border. A white gypsum column, or *gmira*, erected at every seventh kilometre as a guide-post, gave us a comfortable feeling that we were on the right road, for often there was no other indication of the route. Foot tracks and wheel ruts

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were quickly obliterated by the wind and the softly subsiding sand, and trails traversable by camels were not always passable for automobiles. We were frequently compelled to stop and ascend the highest dune in the vicinity in order to sight the double palm posts that have been set up at every half-kilometre to mark the trail. Many of these had fallen or had been completely submerged by the sand. The track of an automobile that passed the previous day had already completely disappeared for long stretches. We found one place where a sand-dune between seven and eight feet high was already lying over it.

These halts to find our course were not the only causes of delay. Frequently the dunes were so steep that we could not make them at the first attempt. Then we had to back up to the summit of the preceding dune in order to get sufficient headway to surmount them. Once on top the driver quickly shifted his gear in order to get speed for the next ascent. At first this novel shoot-the-chute motoring was interesting and exciting, but after fifty or a hundred such ascents and descents it lost its novelty, and my mind became absorbed in guessing whether we should make the next dune at the first trial.

At length the car stopped with its broad double wheels buried to the axle in light sand, halfway up a long slope. Although we were on a sharp incline, the machine would not even move backward. '*Ça y est*,' muttered the driver, and thoughts of a night spent in the desert beside a dead camel and several days' involuntary tramping in the hot sand flashed through my mind. I reflected how convenient it would be to have a portable telegraph-instrument for such emergencies. But the chauffeur took down two long boards which had been lashed to the sides of the machine, — much to the discomfort of our elbows, — shoved them under the wheels, and backed the car down over this improvised track. Repeating his '*Ça y est*' with a laugh, he told us to get in again. It was the only time on the journey that we were forced to use this device.

At 9 A.M. we reached the military station Bordj Ferdjna, a roomy, solidly built army-post erected like a little fortress on a lofty dune three hundred feet above sea level, and near a sunken well. Here we were served excellent coffee.

We had been two hours and a half crossing the first big sand-zone. From this point on these series of sand billows were rarer and a little vegetation was visible — scattered bunches of broom, isolated clumps of bunch grass two or three feet high, and here and there, in the depressions between the dunes, a grassy fuzz, the Aristida plumosa. Even a few short-stalked compositæ lifted their sulphur-yellow blossoms out of the sand. And where conditions were most favorable for vegetation, even here in the desert we found the scarlet broom-rape, or something resembling it, thrusting vigorous clusters of two- or three-flower stalks as thick as the finger, as straight as a candle, and eighteen inches high, above its arid surface. Wide stretches were covered by a network of dry, vinelike vegetation, resembling a gigantic black spider-web. Upon pulling this up, I found the roots cool and damp. Only the surface of the sand is dry; deeper down it holds its moisture tenaciously. We also began to notice signs of animal life — bright-green and scarlet lizards, black beetles, and sand skippers.

We next entered a new zone of thicker and higher sand-dunes. In the vicinity of a little Bedouin settlement we came upon a disabled automobile, guarded by a single soldier. It had been

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overloaded and had broken an axle in crossing a dune top. By two o'clock we had left this broken country, the surface became more level and stony, and a long oasis-line suddenly emerged above the horizon at no great distance away. We headed directly for it, and found ourselves in a large settlement — Guemar.

Our noisy arrival brought all the residents to their feet, and we were soon surrounded by a group of bright-robed natives, some of whom were obviously local dignitaries. The chief Marabout invited us, through an interpreter who spoke excellent French, to honor him with a visit. We were conducted through a pretty flower-garden and a remarkable hallway of carved and painted gypsum to a handsome reception-room. The walls and floors of this apartment were covered with costly carpets; the ceiling was broken by a horseshoe dome. We were asked to be seated in chairs upholstered in threadbare red silk, with gilded arms and backs. A music box in a carved wooden case played a triumphal march. In one corner stood a tall, dignified, Black Forest clock, which was not going, faced threateningly by a pink phonograph-horn. An attentive, soft-sandaled servant brought us sweet-perfumed peppermint tea in thick little glasses decorated with gold flowers, and small tile-shaped cakes.

Just then the Great Marabout himself appeared — a monumental sort of man in a formal robe of white silk trimmed with ribbons, with a large golden star attached to the bosom. He addressed us in Arabic with a deep, resonant, bass voice. His interpreter translated his remarks with great readiness, and a cordial interchange of greetings and compliments ensued. The high ecclesiastical and secular dignitary, Sheik Sidi Sarzah Ben Sidi Laroussi Marabout Tedjanias à la Zavia de Guemar, invoked God's blessing upon us, since we were Swiss from a land where people went to be cured of their physical afflictions. He invited us to remain as his guests, and showed us a suite of rooms which he placed at our disposal. All that he had should be ours — a feudal hospitality that our schedule unfortunately forbade our enjoying. So we thanked him warmly for his gracious reception and visited his stables, an old mosque with the Koran school attached, containing the grave of his grandfather, and a finer new mosque not yet finished, of hand-carved gypsum. We fed the tame gazelles in his garden, smoked his marvelous cigarettes, and finally were escorted by the Great Marabout himself, after I had photographed him, to our automobile.

A large crowd had assembled to see us off, but they withdrew respectfully as soon as they saw their honored chief. Some kissed his garments as he passed. He had flowers presented to us as a parting gift.

After this unexpected, most interesting, and agreeable interlude, we left this hospitable desert-settlement. A crowd of people ran after our motor-car for a short distance, but we quickly left them behind and they were soon lost to sight behind the dunes. Our course now turned southward toward Souf and the capital. After passing a tiny village and crossing through a short but disagreeable sand-storm, we reached the vicinity of El Oued about 4 P.M. We halted south of the town and descended on foot the high dune where the tent encampment of the Compagnie Trans-Atlantique is situated.

The district of Souf is like an archipelago in the sand sea of the northern Sahara. It contains five oases, including Guemar, where we had been so pleasantly received, and El Oued, the

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capital, where we now found our tents awaiting us. Our camp here was no rough backwoods bivouac, but a comfortable canvas hotel, where we were given almost luxurious accommodations in roomy American army-tents, with field beds, carpeted floors, bathing facilities, and other comforts. There was a separate hall with long canvas sun-awnings and ornamental palms, which served as a salon. The largest tent was the dining-room, and the menu was almost as varied and delicate as it would have been in Paris. An American troupe, which had come on camels from Tozeur in five days, arrived almost simultaneously with us. Its members were preparing to film desert scenes for a movie play.

The view was marvelous. Near us yellow sand-dunes rose out of the plain to almost mountainous dimensions. The bare sand-crests turned ruddy in the evening sun and cast purple-violet shadows across the intervening hollows. Clusters of palm-trees grew in many of these depressions, lifting their feathery crowns of dark-green foliage just over the surrounding sand-wall, while their silvery-gray trunks extended thirty feet down to the moister oasis soil. Each of these valleys had its stone well, surmounted by a long well-sweep made of three or four palm-trunks spliced together, with a leather bucket dangling by a ragged rope-end from its upper extremity. In the morning and the evening files of brightly clad women crossed the steep dunes from the town to draw water, returning with their classical amphoræ balanced on their shoulders — Rebekahs at the well. Mud walls or palisades of palm fronds protected the little oasis gardens from the invading sand. None the less, it must be constantly removed to keep it from overwhelming the fertile soil — a labor of Sisyphus for the patient toilers of the desert.

Souf is not, therefore, a continuous oasis like Tuggurt, but a cluster of little tracts of fertile, watered land distributed among the surrounding sand-hills. The town itself occupies an elevation somewhat higher than the neighboring country and consists of a crowded group of beehive-shaped mud huts, surrounded by a wall, like a fenced-in huddle of yellow molehills. The white domes of several mosques rise above the sky line, together with a tall, rectangular tower, each story of which is obviously younger than its predecessor.

El Oued has 6500 inhabitants and 65,000 palm-trees, which produce the best quality of dates. Wheat, vegetables, and fruit are to be found in abundance in the market. The streets are narrow, crooked alleys, except in the southern suburb, where the French Government buildings, the post and telegraph office, the barracks, and the hospital face a broad avenue. Footsteps fall noiselessly on the soft sand. The doors of the houses, if their low, narrow entrances can be dignified by this name, afford no glimpse of the interior, because a wall screen always cuts off the direct view from the street. At one place I saw a half-dozen girls seated in the sand playing a kind of chess with white stones and black camel-beans. Their charming costumes and the rich gold and silver jewelry that fairly covered them from their hair to their ankles brought me to a sudden halt. Both their finger-nails and their toenails were carefully manicured and tinted with henna.

I had seen sacks of this herb stacked in the market, and wished to learn how it was used for coloring. So I made my wish known to a French-speaking Arab boy, who took me to premises where, after turning several corners, I found myself in a roomy courtyard on which several beehive-roofed chambers

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opened. A dusky maiden, whose brow was coquettishly tattooed with blue, ground henna to powder in a heavy metal mortar, steeped it in a carved brass basin, and, dipping a piece of clean cotton-wool into the liquid, tied it around my index finger — to the immense amusement of a crowd of curious spectators who had appeared as if by magic. The stain remained on my finger three days, but if it had been scientifically applied according to the expert native process it would have lasted six months.

Next to the post office is a primitive inn with a little bar in front, where the French officials and soldiers on desert duty sip their absinthe. So far as I could discover, there was no other form of social entertainment in the place — if we may except a city band, consisting of a number of percussion instruments. This posted itself on top of one of the neighboring dunes just before sunset, where it wasted most of its melody on the desert air.

We rested a day at El Oued because the automobile must be given a complete cleaning after its day's journey through the sand. Moreover, the chauffeur needed a little repose. On Friday, April 4, a couple of sharp gusts of wind heralded the dawn, and the sun rose in blinding brilliance from behind the eastern dunes. The sparkling, silvery palm-tops shot long, thin, spiky shadows up the opposite slopes; the dune tops turned a warm, ruddy yellow that merged imperceptibly into the violet horizon. Our automobile stood ready to start. The chauffeur telegraphed to our day's destination announcing our departure, in order that a car might be sent to our relief in case we should meet with accident: for we were to encounter the largest and most difficult dunes on this day's journey.

Shortly before half-past six we set out, leaving the white cupolas of the mosque on our left, and zigzagging through the village of Behima into the mighty dune country. At nine o'clock we descended from our car in front of the largest of these, which it usually takes half an hour to climb. My measurements indicated a grade of twenty-three per cent. After putting this obstacle behind us, we passed several small, inhabited oases. Gradually the dunes became lower and rarer, and by noon we were able to make good speed for considerable intervals over a smooth hard soil. Bushes began to appear — the borderland between the desert and the prairie. Soon we were surrounded by rolling grasslands covered with a thin, grayish-green herbage, with a range of bald yellow gravel-hills immediately to the north, and beyond them the reddish-brown mesas of the Atlas Mountains bounding the range of vision. Herds of camels, goats, and white sheep with black heads and tails grazed peacefully by the roadside, attended by handsome boys in white woolen mantles. At 2 P.M. we stopped at an Algerian border-post for coffee. A little later we caught a glimpse of a broad expanse of water to the south — the great Chott el Jerid. At four o'clock we were at Nefta, and an hour afterward we ended our desert journey at Tozeur, the railhead in Tunis.

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THE CATHOLICS WALK

BY JOHN W. COULTER

From the *Irish Statesman, October* 18
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ARTHUR'S slate pencil stopped clicking and tapping, for he had finished the sum. He looked round at the other fellows on the little gallery, still clicking and tapping. They were a very small class that day, because it was the day of the Fenian procession, and the school was on the Catholic road and all the fellows were Protestants. Mother had said, 'Arthur'd better stay at home the day, for there'll be trouble, likely.' But Father, who was starting back to the mill after breakfast, had been waxy about something, and had replied, 'Not at all, woman. Let him take his chance there. If he does get a clout or two, what odds?'

So there was Arthur on the gallery, pretending to work at sums, but all the time listening to the distant cheering and waiting for the procession. Ah! it was coming now. The cheering grew louder and louder, and the fellows more and more excited. Arthur put up his hand.

'Well, McMaster?' Fergie said.

'Please, sir,' Arthur responded, 'I've finished the sum. I'd like to look out at the procession, sir.'

Fergie had hardly been able to sit still himself, so now he got up and put his cane under his arm and said, 'Very well. Any boy who has finished may come to the window — but you must keep well back and not show yourselves for fear there'd be stones thrown.'

The fellows seemed to find the answer very quickly after that, for in a few moments they had all put down their slates and gone to the window.

Along the crowded street below the procession was passing. It was a grand procession — just like the Twelfth of July procession, except that the sashes were different and that the bands were playing Fenian tunes like the 'Wearing of the Green,' and that Irish rebels were painted on the banners instead of Queen Victoria presenting a Bible to a nigger, or William crossing the Boyne. There were rows and rows of men marching in green coats with brass buttons on them, and white breeches and long boots up to the knees. Very stiff and proud they looked, showing off in their fancy suits. And they had long pikestaffs, and you could see the sun glinting on the brassy tops of them. But the crowd gave the great cheer when the middle of the procession came on, for there was a girl dressed up in white and green and gold, riding upon a lovely white horse, and carrying a harp in her hand. Her long black hair fell down over her green cloak, and as the people cheered she looked from side to side, bowing and smiling.

'Now,' said Fergie, in a quiet voice, as if afraid they could hear him out there on the street, 'can any boy tell me who that girl is on the white horse?'

'Joan of Arc, sir,' a fellow said, meaning it for a gag. But Fergie gave him two with the cane and sent him back to his seat below on the gallery.

'Well, who is she?' Fergie asked again. 'Is she Scotch, or English, or — or what?'

'She's Irish, sir,' everybody answered at once.

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'Yes, she's supposed to represent Ireland.'

'Look what it says on that flag, sir! It says, "Ireland a Nation."'

'Ha! Does it, indeed?' Fergie said, making a little quiffing noise through his nose. 'Well, boys, Ireland is not a nation, and never will be. She's part of the United Kingdom, and that's what she's going to remain.'

The fellows wondered why that should make anybody waxy, as Fergie was now waxy; but for fear he'd send them from the window they kept very good and quiet.

Three banners passed. Upon them were portraits of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, Wolfe Tone. There were also bannerettes with the names Davis, Mitchel, O'Connell, Parnell. Fergie named each of the banner-portraits as it passed. The fellows read out the other names.

'Dirty Fenians!' some fellow said, thinking it would please Fergie.

'Dirty Teagues!' said another.

'No, lads, no; not all of them. Indeed all of those so-called patriots were Protestants except O'Connell. Protestant rebels.'

'Oh, sir!' Arthur exclaimed.

'Yes, McMaster,' Fergie went on; 'unfortunately yes. They were renegades, all of them.'

Slowly Arthur took it in. For the first time in his life he understood that there were Protestants who were Fenians, that Catholic and Rebel were not two names for the one thing.

Toward evening there were riots. Arthur, mounted on a chair at the dormer window in the attic, watched the fun. The procession was coming back, and as his house was but a few doors down the street opposite the School, he could see them passing along the Falls Road, dipping their flags and shaking their pikes. Of course, this was to egg on the Protestant crowd gathered at the Shankill Road end of the street, so the Protestants in response booed and jeered and shook their fists and sang 'God Save the Queen' and 'Kick the Pope.' But the Catholics sang 'The Boys of Wexford' and 'The West's Awake.' They were getting nearer and nearer to each other, pushing back the lines of police, and you could see they'd break through and be at the fighting any moment.

The moment came when a big Protestant man in his shirt sleeves shook off a policeman and ran toward the Catholics, shouting, 'Back, you Fenian bastards! Back to Hell's gates!'

He stooped for a stone and flung it; and the look on his face as he did so frightened Arthur — a dreadful look, as if his face had somehow become twisted and glistening white.

After that the police could do nothing. There was rushing and yelling and jingling of shattered glass, and you could see the men and women pitching great heavy pavers torn up out of the street; and then they were all in a mass, struggling and battering and swaying to and fro, while the police, with their batons out, were hitting all round them at whoever was nearest.

It went on and on. But somewhere police whistles were blowing shrilly, and then, suddenly, shots were fired. A queer hush fell. It was frightening. For a second nobody in the street seemed to move or to speak. Then Arthur heard a woman's high-pitched voice calling out, 'It's the sodjers! Oh, for Christ's sake, they 're shootin'!' And at once there was a wild scurry which in a few minutes emptied the street.

It was funny, Arthur thought, to look down there now and to see the street all quiet and deserted. A battered hat lay among the scattered stones; and from a gateway a scared

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dog emerged and ran sidling along the footpath with his tail under his belly and his ears flying. And then the police came back, still panting and sweating. They put in their batons and straightened their belts and tunics, and Arthur could hear the sergeant saying, 'The blackguards! Oh, the blackguards!' A troop of lancers came cantering round the corner, pushing their long lances in front of them, and seeming to Arthur very cool and brave on their lovely horses, as if a thing like that did n't fizz on them.

It had all been so exciting that Arthur had n't moved from the window, although he had heard Mother calling him several times. But now, hearing her call again, he got off the chair and went downstairs. At the front bedroom window he found her, very pale and frightened, holding the stepladder for Father, who was fastening up a heavy blanket to stop the stones that might come through the window if the riot started again.

'Oh, the sin and shame of it!' Mother was saying. 'And all of them professing Christians, too!'

'All of them damned idiots! Damned idiots!' said Father.

It broke out worse than ever when Arthur had gone to bed, after dusk. Up there in the attic he lay listening. Against the background of sound made up of booing and cheering, he could hear the clock on the mantelpiece go tick-tock, tick-tock. Mother came and said it was as well the blanket had been put up, as a couple of pavers had come through the window. Then she took Arthur's hands and knelt at the side of the bed and prayed to Jesus to forgive these poor misguided people and teach them to love one another. After a while she got up and asked him was he afraid, and when he said no, she kissed him good-night and said she would n't be far away, so let him close his eyes and go to sleep now. She left the door wide open. He heard her going down the stairs to the kitchen — down, away, creak, creak.

It was quite dark when Father came up. He stood at the door and whispered, 'You 're sleepin', Arthur?'

'No,' Arthur whispered in reply.

'Sure you are n't afraid, sonny? There's nothin' to be afraid of.'

And then he came shuffling over to the bed, and his hand groped its way over Arthur's shoulder to the top of his head, which it patted. It was Father's great heavy hand, smelling of machine-oil.

'Well, go to sleep now and don't be listenin' to the idiots. They'll soon get their bellyful and go home to their beds.'

And then he too went away. He stumbled against something in the dark and cursed it. On down the stairs Arthur heard him go. He had turned at the lobby; he was at the front-room landing; and now he was down in the kitchen and had closed the door behind him, away — down — there. Arthur sniffed the trail of tobacco smoke, and thought he'd like to be a man and be able to smoke.

But the lull outside was soon ended. They were at it again. 'Boo-oo-oo!' What, Arthur wondered, was it all about. Catholic and Protestant. The Catholics were rebels and hated the Queen. The Protestants were for the Queen and hated the Catholics. Yet sometimes when there was nothing up they were great friends. It was strange, oh, very strange. 'Idiots — damned idiots,' Father had called them. But Mother would n't let you say damn. It was a sin to say damn, a sin, a sin — tick-tock, tick-tock — the old clock, the old clock —

The sound of the rioting dwindled. Up there in the attic Arthur was fast asleep.

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GLIMPSES OF THE 'INSECTS' HOMER'

BY PIERRE JULIAN

From the *Mercure de France, August* 15
(CLERICAL CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

'I ADMIT with due regret that I am the worst correspondent on earth. It is simple torture for me to write a letter. . . . It is not ink and paper that I lack, but time. . . . Do not blame my silence on anything except the amount of my work, which sometimes exceeds, not my courage, but my strength and my time.'

These observations which Jean Henri Fabre wrote to his brother Frédéric, in 1850, might have been set down by the great scientist once more when, after thirty-five years of service as a teacher in perpetual touch with science, he was carrying on and reducing to writing in his silent 'Thébaïde' on the Harmas his inspired entomological experiments. Indeed throughout all his patient, stubborn work the hermit of Sérignan made no sacrifices of an epistolary sort except a few letters made necessary by his study or by his affection for his family and his few intimate friends.

The six following letters, written between 1880 and 1892, and hitherto unpublished except for two or three sentences which Dr. C. V. Legros quoted in his *Fabre, Poet of Science*, are due both to friendship and to the requirements of his investigations. They are addressed to one of his former pupils in the *lycée d'Avignon*, M. Henri Devillario, who was first *juge d'instruction* and then *président du tribunal* in his native town of Carpentras. His name is not unknown to historians and to students of Fabre's works. M. Legros and M. Marcel Coulon, in their remarkable works on the entomologist, have described the intimacy existing between Henri Devillario and his former teacher. Fabre himself takes pleasure in pointing out to his readers the valuable collaboration he received from the man whom he called his 'intimate friend,' his 'excellent friend, Devillario,' and who, for his part, without in the least abandoning his own opinions, responded to the master's confidence and affection with the profound devotion and sincere admiration of a disciple. Devillario, who in his capacity of scientific journalist was always regarded as an authority, endeavored to keep the great public in touch with Fabre's work and writings. Reading between the lines of the following letters, one may see how thoroughly the magistrate of Carpentras — who was at the same time a collector and an enthusiastic palæontologist — deserved both confidence and affection. Fabre entrusted him with veritable 'orders,' and with delicate entomological investigations, besides admitting him to full confidence with regard to his work and his theories.

From this double point of view the following pages are a lively commentary on important chapters of the *Souvenirs entomologiques*, and may even shed some light on their origin. They do not, of course, teach us anything new about Fabre's own character, his sensitiveness, his activity, his entomological curiosity, his passion for truth, his horror of systems, and his disdain of 'the gallery which applauds or whistles.' In short, all that distinguishes

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the man and the scientist appears in this private correspondence with the same vigor, and yet with all the modesty that we find in his printed work. Their complete likeness to Fabre's own pictures of himself, which permits us to set his public writings side by side with his personal correspondence, greatly increases the interest and importance of these letters to Henri Devillario. We find here irrefutable proof of the absolute sincerity of the *Souvenirs entomologiques*. It might be worth while to confront with this evidence those who persist in suspecting the great Sérignanais of having employed in his monumental work the attitudes and artifices of a literary man.

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

Your caterpillars have nothing to do with the butterfly which we saw migrating from north to south in numberless hordes last year. That butterfly was *Vanessa Cardui*, the *Belle-Diane* of ancient authors [known in America as the 'Painted Lady']. The caterpillar lives on thistles and is not responsible for the damage of which you speak. Moreover, the *Vanessas* are day-flying butterflies, whereas your caterpillar belongs to a nocturnal moth of the genus *Bombyx*. As I have no documents at hand on the life histories of butterflies, I hesitate to say whether your caterpillars are the oak processionary (*Bombyx processionea*) or the pine processionary (*Bombyx pithyocampa*). I incline, however, toward the latter. The kind of trees they attack would have decided the question, but you did not say anything about that. Did you get them on oaks? Then it is *B. processionea*. On pines? Then it is *B. pithyocampa*. I cannot go beyond that, having nothing on the history of the caterpillar from the point of view of classification.

You have let the month of May slip by without thinking of *Anthrax;* but it does not greatly matter. In August it will be possible to attack the question with hope of success. In the first fortnight of August, instead of the egg-laying the mating will take place on the talus which the *Anthophores* haunt. I count on you to try to put me on the right track in this strange puzzle which disturbs entomologists. Believe me, the *Anthrax* are worth close watching.

Be careful of what you collect at Sénanque. There may be some valuable information there for the future flora of Vaucluse.

Your devoted friend

SÉRIGNAN, *June* 29, 1880

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

I thank you for your article on Voltaire. It is very well written, like everything from your pen, which, unhappily, is only too idle.

My experiments do not seem to have completely convinced you. The enormous bubble of evolution still imposes on you. If I had leisure I should give it a few pin-pricks and deflate it a little more until you saw it in its complete inanity. How can you, an *esprit gaulois* if there ever was one, and eager for the light, take seriously such lucubrations? You must leave these unwholesome shadows to the Teuton and the Saxon, who are too stupid to see beyond matter. That is George Sand's way of putting it. Coming from such a source it will have more authority in your eyes.

Your spider, which makes itself a stout castle of earth, interests me greatly. Except for the *Mygales*, which dig themselves a manor house with a porte-cochère, I know of nothing to match it. Could you send me the edifice together with its maker?

I am writing to M. Delagrave to have him send my *Souvenirs entomologiques* to M. Naquet. I have no copy here, or I would send it myself.

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I am afraid that the hospitable cutlet awaiting me in your home may have time to grow cold. Work overwhelms me.

Your devoted friend

SÉRIGNAN, *March* 30, 1883

I am rereading your letter, and I take up mine again to reply to one point where my memory serves me ill.

The spider's nest, according to your description, does not belong to its inhabitant. It is the old nest of the *Eumène*, a hymenopteron whose habits and talents you will find described at length in my new *Souvenirs*. The genuine proprietor having decamped, the spider takes advantage of his house, which has the shape of a water-cooler. I have found several examples of such use of an abandoned nest.

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

I do not know anything about the article in the *Revue Scientifique* concerning my *Souvenirs*. I shall try to get hold of a copy, though I shall not trouble too much about it. M. Herzen is professor of physiology at Lausanne. He has written me a very long letter to which, for two reasons, I hastened *not* to reply. In the first place, reading his letter I scented a maniac with whom it is no use reasoning. In the second place, I have made it a rule never to reply to observations on my writings, whether favorable or the reverse. I follow my own agreeable little road, indifferent to the gallery which applauds or whistles. Seeking truth is my only concern. If somebody is not satisfied with the result of my observations, let him begin by seeing whether the facts say something that I have not said. My problem is not to be solved by polemics. Patient study is the only thing that can unravel it a little.

By your reply to M. Herzen I can see that I was well inspired to regard his letter as not amounting to very much. The physiologist at Lausanne is more incredible than I imagined. To regard instinct as the final perfection of reason is one of the finest bits of folly the evolutionists have ever committed. I am almost glad that so fair a pearl should have fallen into our hands. Such follies as this will put us on our guard in the future against Darwinian ideas. Your witty pleasantries have been a fitting response to these transcendent lucubrations.

Except a few trifling details, I have retouched nothing that you wrote. You are a master. Having nothing whatever to do directly or indirectly with the *Revue Scientifique*, I confine myself to dropping into the mail your letter, which, it seems to me, will be favorably received.

Enough of M. Herzen, his bad humor and his outlandish ideas. Let us talk of something else. The earth cell which you sent me some time ago seemed to me worthy of new investigation. I opened it with great care. It contained nothing but a little pinch of dust in which I thought I recognized a yellowish excrement. Whence might this little bundle of guano come? I could not tell. I may add, however, that the cell seems to me to have been a cell only at second hand. The large size of the enclosure, disproportionate to the rest of the edifice, gives me this suspicion. For the moment, then, I regard this as the cell of some hymenopteron which, having either left its cell or been devoured by parasites, has been replaced in its dwelling by a second inhabitant whose work has been confined to the masonry obstructing the breach. In any event, the study of this little dwelling must be pursued. Try to find some more, and the day will come. I like to think that your sprain will disappear soon, and that you will again take up your studies, to the great advantage of

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the palæontology of our district, which is still so little known.

Devotedly yours

SÉRIGNAN, 12 *May*, 1883

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

Are you at leisure? Have you some wrongdoer in the dock? According to whichever may be the case, either pay no attention to my letter, or read it and reply. Here is the whole business: —

The study of my hymenoptera leads me little by little toward some very curious results. I begin to believe that the mother can lay a male or a female egg at will. The division of food, the quantity of which varies according to sex, leads me strongly to this remarkable statement that the hymenopteron determines as she wishes the sex of the egg which she is about to lay.

Though I have plenty of proof already, I shall not neglect to gather still more. I have firm confidence that the *Anthophores* of Carpentras and the *Osmias*, guests in their abandoned cells, will furnish magnificent proof. I should like to have some of their nests to examine with the leisure and care that are possible only at home. I suggest this to you, therefore, if you are willing to give me your assistance: —

Take a pick, as I did last September, and go up to the high mound where I collected with you. Knock down some of the lumps of earth perforated with passageways and populated with cells. Shake some of the lumps roughly to make sure that they are not sterile, then wrap them up in an old newspaper and send me a lot — as many as you can. A whole boxful would not disturb me at all.

Here is some information for your guidance. The borer of the passageways is the *Anthophora*, whose cells are found clear down at the bottom. In these cells exquisite little niches are cut into the earth. You will find at this time either larvae or perfect insects, always without remnants of an old cocoon, because the *Anthophores* never spin. These cells ought to be found at a depth of from two to three decimetres, but in general it would be useless to dig so far, because what I desire to observe are the *Osmias*, which divide up the galleries and the old used cells into compartments with walls of earth, and lay their eggs one by one in these secondhand quarters. The *Osmias*, with their reddish-gilt fur, are now in a perfect state and shut up in a firm brownish cocoon about the size of an olive-stone.

To be suited for the observation which I propose to carry out, these lumps of earth ought to enclose the cocoons. A cursory examination will tell you in advance whether they fulfill the required conditions.

Specially urgent: the distribution of these cells and cocoons should not be in the least disturbed, for it is in their respective positions that I shall find the answer to my problem.

Finally, the lumps of earth, as big as possible, should be packed up just as they are, as soon as you are sure they are populated, without any breaking up or division, which would disturb the order.

I understand perfectly that for such a job you will need a laborer to help you. It goes without saying that all the expenses of digging, packing, and transporting are mine. If you have a day off, you will oblige me greatly by devoting it to this pick-entomology. And once more, don't be afraid to send a load of material.

Besides this excavation on the Legue hill, I should suggest another if I were not afraid of abusing your good nature. On the Legue *Anthophora pilipes* lays its eggs. A second species, *Anthophora parietina*, is found in the vicinity of Carpentras. Its galleries are readily

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recognizable in the round, carved, cylindrical vestibules which hang down outside the talus like clay stalactites. At this time of the year these porticoes must be badly damaged by the wet weather, but there are certainly traces which can be easily made out.

Now this *Anthophora* with its porticoes nests on the left of the place where the road from Caromb to Bédoin goes up, above the Jewish cemetery. Follow the road, look for an earth mound at the left, and you will not be slow in seeing the lodgings of my bee. If it is possible to repeat here the same harvest that you make with the *Anthophora* on the Legue, my observations will be quite conclusive. If you carry out the double investigation, make sure that there is no chance of my mixing up the two sets of material.

This is the expression of my wish. Heed it only so far as is possible for you.

You asked for some of the Centaury of Babylon, the magnificent candelabrum which caught your eye in my Harmas. I am sending you some of the seeds. Sow them in some earth in a pot and set out the young plants when they are a little stronger.

Devotedly yours

SÉRIGNAN, *February* 14, 1884

N. B. One month from now the *Osmias* will begin to leave their lodgings, so there is no time to lose in the proposed excavations.

THE CURSES OF ADAM

BY B. B.

From the *Saturday Review, October* 11
(LONDON TORY WEEKLY)

SOMETHING, at long last, falls to be said for the young woman. Three of her, the other day, smoked cigarettes in a railway carriage. A gentleman called attention to the fact on a public platform, and his censure made copy for the newspapers. He confessed that he failed to find the smoking immoral; but he thought it 'not pretty.' Yet of prettiness are not the rest of us, perhaps, as good judges as he? There are those whose business it is to condemn immorality. Let them beware, when they turn a questioning eye on matters of taste, lest they fall into that 'too strong display of professional feeling' which Macaulay discovered amid the fulminations of Jeremy Collier. And let them, moreover, be clear what the question is. Is the young woman's crime that she succeeds in making herself attractive, or that she fails? We have heard enough about the iniquity of her short skirts and her powder-puffs — now we are fain to understand its nature. We know that she makes up her face — we invite the critics to make up their minds. We can all echo, of course, Ben Jonson's: —

> Give me a look, give me a face,
> That makes simplicity a grace.

The problem remains — what is to be done about looks and faces that don't make simplicity anything of the kind?

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And where is the campaign against artificiality to end? If a false complexion perturbs us, what of a false tooth? Both are, to say the best of it, second nature. If the critic's charge is merely that, on occasion, the second nature's embellishment of the first runs to excess, we meet it with confession and avoidance. The fact is such, but does it matter? The ignorant and rash do doubtless use their rouge too lavishly, 'making the green one red'; Paris is full of demure maidens bepainted with those carmine curves that do not follow the lines of the original mouth, and know no rule save of relativity — Cupid's bows that miss the mark; and London is not slow to follow suit. Eyebrows are acquainted with a pencil that has been dipped, like that of Shelley's painter, 'in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.' And hair yields itself to the discipline of the bob — or of the shingle, which may be described as a bob each way. But what of it? Unless woman is to shave her head and get her to a nunnery, she will practise the tiring of her hair — as many a man (if the truth about the plainer sex is to be confessed) has practised the toothbrush and walrus varieties of moustache, and even, till the cry of 'Beaver!' swept like a razor across a million chins, the forked or pointed beard. It is not of such vanities that sin and falsehood are compounded. You cannot dissolve the cosmos with cosmetics: the proportion is too grossly inexact. What is all this to-do about a cigarette, which can but end in smoke, among folk that know unkindness? Or what are lipstick and powder-puff, trifles light as air, when weighed in the balance against the millstone of spiritual pride? Can we doubt which scale will fly up and kick the beam?

In a world where it is anyway so easy to go astray, it seems a pity to create new sins. Yet that is the vice of too easy censure; and those who find fault with imaginary errors are often but paving the way to real ones. They will rebuke a class, school, set, age, rank or condition of persons, for a slight aberration; and so they will set up a conflict between experiment and the code; and the experimentalist, finding in herself no great sense of shame over the fact, but a great deal of pride in the performance, will flatter herself for heroine, rebel, martyr, and iconoclast, and so will try her hand at further experiments perhaps less innocent, and excite herself into revolt against all codes whatsoever; and the responsibility for this will lie at the door of the unnecessary moralist. Let us deplore by all means, though without too rotund an eloquence, that the arrogantly lifted nose of youth should be tombstone-tinted with powder, a marble monument. But time and tears will melt that arrogance, and we shall be sorry to see it go.

Fashions may be trivial, they may be hideous, but they pass. 'Surely,' as Bacon said, 'every medicine is an innovation, and he that will apply new remedies must expect new evils. For time is the greatest innovator; and if time of course alters things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?' The point is, that wisdom and counsel must concern themselves with realities and not with shows. Whether this fashion or that, the ruff or the hoop, the patch or the ringlet, the vapors or the smoke-wreaths, be commendable — that is one question; a more important one is whether we do wrong or right to contemn their intention. The carmine that fails of its purpose, the dress whose curtailment is supererogation, lie open to the charge that they have not made their victim more beautiful. The moralist on the platform too often implies that beauti-

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fication itself is the fault. There is the confusion. Three young women smoking in a train *may* be 'not pretty' — *may* fail to bewitch, entrance, impress, allure; the usual charge against them is not that they fail, but that they attempt to succeed. Cigarette-smoking as a mere sensual indulgence could hardly be held more odious than the chewing of chocolates; it is not ordinarily condemned on the ground that it gives pleasure to the smoker, but rather on the ground that it goes, with the shortening of frocks and the baring of chests and backs, to the everlasting bonfire: ashes to ashes, smoke to smoke. All the care and carelessness of the young woman — her care for appearances, her carelessness of her elders' judgments — are assumed to be iniquitous because they are assumed to be weapons of sex. Yet it is strange if to the human race alone is to be denied that enchantment which is so obviously the business of all other created things. The power which painted the orchid and the rose, which burnished the wings of the butterfly and the eyes of the peacock's tail, may be supposed to have some sympathy with the whims and tricks of fashion. If there is one law which runs through the whole hierarchy and range of life, it is that the female shall be beautiful for the male and the male (but somehow, among humans, this part appears to be frequently forgotten) for the female. We will make the amateur moralists a present of the logic that will rationalize their objurgations and reduce their protests into harmony with the eternal scheme. In the depths of their minds, whether they know it or not, the objection is to the travesty of beautification rather than to its excess; for there can be no excess of beauty. The precocity which takes occasion by the throat is apt to choke it; the early bloom of artifice frustrates, not aids, the purposes of nature. Therefore the only rational accusation against the young woman is that she purloins without necessity the 'adulteries of art.' Her better wisdom would be to enjoy the freshness and ignorance of youth while they belong to her, and not trespass upon those splendors (such as cigarette-smoking) which are enhanced by waiting. Let the moralists preach the exquisiteness of immaturity rather than the ugliness of cigarettes, and they will deserve an audience. Failing that, they may come to grief through their own prohibitions. Democracy is always delighted to swing its censors, or to drown its prohibitionists in a reputed kilderkin.

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THE DRAWBACKS OF PROGRESS

BY PIERRE MILLE

From *Le Temps, September* 30
(SEMI-OFFICIAL OPPORTUNIST DAILY)

'I DON'T believe it!' said Madame Denéant. 'It is just another of those gross illusions that the nineteenth century left us and that our century is making it its business to destroy.'

'Really?' said M. Costapierre, 'and what may that be?'

'I was talking about progress.'

'And I know very well what you mean to say,' said M. Costapierre; 'you mean to say that what are ordinarily called the conquests of science — the railroads, the airplanes, the automobiles, telegraphy, — with or without wire, — the moving pictures, and even those more recent discoveries which allow man to hope that he will suffer a little longer from the ills that overwhelm him and so arrive with less sorrow at the hour of death which is always inevitable — that all these do not make happiness.'

'Exactly what I mean,' said Madame Denéant. 'All this does not make happiness! I do not say that I am any happier than I should have been two centuries ago, or even a century and a half ago, when all these fine things were never dreamed of. I should have had servants, as many as I could have desired. They would have been content with wages that would seem nominal in our day. They would have been faithful, and they would have been proud of the name 'domestique,' which means 'one forming a part of the household.' I should not have been ruined by taxes. My income, even though it might not have reached the half or even the third of its present figure, would have allowed me to live on two or three times the scale of to-day. And only to think that it is my own class, the bourgeoisie, to whom I belong and of whom M. René Johannet wrote such pretty praises in the *Cahiers Verts* a little while ago, who created the Revolution and brought on all this stupidity! When I think of the responsibilities of my great-grandfather in this matter, and when I reflect that my great-grandmother — who ought to have had more sense, being a woman — did not choke the old gentleman, I blush with genuine shame.'

'As a matter of fact, then,' said M. Costapierre, 'if happiness, as I see it and as you have just defined it, consists in being satisfied with one's lot, you would have been no happier then than in the world's first days or in any other period of human history. But the frame of mind indispensable for progress — '

'Is what?'

'Well, if men and women had always been satisfied to remain as they were, they would still be dispensing with clothes, or, at any rate, without any great change, would have been satisfied with garments made of the animal skins with which the Lord, from considerations of decency, deigned to clothe our first parents. The idea that one is badly off, no matter what one happens to be, is at the bottom of all our efforts to be better off, and in the result of those efforts, rightly or wrongly, we think we see a degree of progress.'

'Wrongly! wrongly! Look here, do

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you know the reason for this outburst of riotous indignation? Not merely reading that *Éloge du bourgeois français* of which we were just talking, but an author to-day little read — an author of the eighteenth century. That writer, whose name was Bastide, describes things which make me think that even in the things we think we have perfected and are so proud of, — even in the management of our homes, — we have invented nothing and remain below our ancestors' level.'

'Really?'

'Really! It seems that a certain decorator named Dandrillon — who perhaps did not even claim the name of artist — had the secret of giving to the wainscotings of rooms the perfume of wild jasmine or rose, in place of that distressing odor which we endure whenever they have been recently painted or varnished. That is the height of scientific research, is n't it?'

'No, it is quite a different matter. Not so many foolish things would be said about this question if people had taken the trouble to observe that progress in one epoch or another does not proceed upon the same plane, does not touch the same categories of human activity, and that retrogression in one department may be the price of a desirable evolution in another. In any case, there are some arts which, having reached their perfection, can go no further and may even decline. It is so, I am afraid, with such arts as cookery and sculpture.'

'What do you mean?'

'It may well be that sculpture attained its greatest height among the Greeks during the fifth century before Christ, and then, for various reasons — whether through excess of realism or an exaggerated tendency to symbolism or a false conventionalization — could never reach such heights again. Similarly the admirable genius of our ancestors in the eighteenth century seems once for all to have fixed the laws of the cuisine and determined what ought to be, in any meal, the order and succession of the various courses and wines. That will never change so long as our civilization endures; but decadence may take place through the progress of this very civilization in other directions, such as the substitution of gas and electricity for the good old sticks of wood, in cooking food, or a change in economic conditions which would cause gastronomic masterpieces which were possible a hundred and fifty years ago to become too expensive.'

'I think you might add to all this the "progress" of chemistry.'

'I gladly admit that it has something to do with this relative decline in the art of cooking, and justifies what I said to you a moment ago — that a decline in some direction or other is the price of a desirable evolution in another direction. On the one hand, chemistry presents you with aspirin, which you are very glad to have — and on the other with oleomargarine, which will never be so good as butter.

'Similarly, the arrangement of our homes is an architectural detail which dates only from the second half of the seventeenth century. We have, however, already brought this art of interior arrangement to perfection. The wainscoting of our fathers was much better than the wretched banality of our modern plastered decorations. We have gained in comfort, but we have lost in beauty. Admit, nevertheless, that you could never content yourself with the housing, no matter how elegant or how much more spacious, in which our ancestors lived. You have to have electricity. You have to have an elevator and central heating. I do not deny that with all this you are not "happy," but if you did not have it you would declare life impossible. It is the

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same with other things. Neither automobiles nor moving pictures make happiness, but you could not get along without them. You would feel you had returned to barbarism. And if your doctor treated you as, I will not say your grandmother, but your own mother, was treated, you would regard him as an assassin.

'That is what constitutes progress, my dear friend. Your error — and it is a very common one — consists in mixing up the idea of progress with the idea of happiness. Happiness has nothing to do with material causes. You carry it within yourself. One does not, however, ordinarily enjoy it when one has an empty stomach or a headache, — from which I conclude that "progress," even the material kind, may contribute to happiness. Observe that men are living on the average three or four years longer than they used to. That cannot be a matter of indifference to them, if it is true — as seems to me quite evident — that they are afraid of death.

'I think I can tell you why the past seems more agreeable than the present. First of all, it is because, by a natural tendency of the human mind, you retain what is agreeable and forget the rest. In the second place, the class to which you belong formerly had more privileges than it has to-day, and realizes the fact more keenly when it compares its lot with that of the classes beneath it. It is they who have chiefly profited by what it is conventional to term progress. All Frenchmen tend to become "petits bourgeois," which is extremely agreeable to those who have not attained that height before, but distressing to those who find themselves slipping down into that condition, or fear to be reduced to it.'

AN EPITAPH

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

[*Adelphi*]

HOOK-NOSED was I; loose-lipped; greed fixed its gaze
In my young eyes ere they knew brass from gold.
Doomed to the blazing market-place my days —
A sweating chafferer of the bought and sold.
Frowned on and spat at, flattered and decried,
One only thing man asked of me — my price.
I lived, detested; and deserted, died;
Scorned by the virtuous, and the jest of vice.
And now behold, you Christians, my true worth;
Step close: I have inherited the Earth.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

TORCHBEARER

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Spectator*]

I SAW your hands lying at peace
at last, and I thought of Helen's hands,
that were not lovelier than these,
yet live in all men's minds.
And I thought, 'Beauty is not trapped
even in this delicate
dust, these hands, but was shaped
elsewhere inviolate.'
And I thought, 'There is one mould,
and these hands, in beauty set,
pass the torch, lit from of old,
to hands that are not yet.'
Therefore I do not bid farewell,
torchbearer! for you belong
now to the imperishable
foundation of song.

DISQUIETUDE

BY 'CEDAR'

[*Bookman*]

I, who had only known unrest,
And all vicissitudes of strife,
Came to your heart a bidden guest
And dreamed that there was peace in life.

But you had lived in sheltered ways,
Whilst I was born with soul untame,
So that the restlessness of days
Was with me when I came.

And all my dreams were wasted things —
Day after day goes drifting by —
A beating of unquiet wings,
A bird flight in a windy sky.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE NONSENSE OF HIGHBROWS

THE man in the street — whoever or whatever that obscure individual may be — will certainly tell you — if you can ever find him — that the works of highbrow writers are all nonsense. There is, however, no need to share his opinion in order to enjoy the pure nonsense that has been deliberately produced by half a dozen men eminent in the arts or various fields of scholarship. Indeed there have been so many that an anonymous writer who recently went to the trouble of cataloguing them all in *T. P.'s Weekly* suggests that there is a real relation between learning and nonsense on which the psychologists had better get to work.

There was, for example, an Oxford professor of mathematics named Dodgson whom none but his professional brethren now remember but whom a grateful world will know forever as Lewis Carroll. Then there was Edward Lear, a distinguished ornithologist and painter of bird life. He has written, in his own words, 'such volumes of stuff' as no lover of nonsense would be willing to get along without. There is also Mr. Arthur Reed Ropes, late a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, the author of a *Short History of Europe* and of a *Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, who as a student took nearly all the prizes there were to take at Cambridge. This learned gentleman has a second personality who, under the pseudonym of Adrian Ross, is the author of that popular but by no means academic ditty, 'Rhoda, Rhoda, Had a Pagoda,' and who has also collaborated in the libretti of such edifying theatrical productions as *My Girl*, *San Toy*, *The Merry Widow*, *The Dollar Princess*, *The Naughty Princess*, and *Lilac Time*.

This, as Launcelot Gobbo would put it, is 'a simple coming in' for a Cambridge don, but it is all unblushingly set down in *Who's Who*, as if to prove to a skeptical world how frivolous a scholar can be when he puts his mind to it.

Better known to Americans is the Canadian economist Professor Stephen Leacock, of McGill University, whose name is followed by an alarming array of degrees and whose works range from *Elements of Political Science* and *The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice* to *Moonbeams From the Larger Lunacy* and kindred effusions. Who would recognize in Canon Hannay — the erudite author of *The Spirit and Origin of Christian Monasticism* — the novelist George A. Birmingham, whose *General John Reagan* is as funny as any literary work, play or novel, — for it has two versions, — can well be.

Nor is this versatility a new thing in English scholarship, for it was a learned priest, the Reverend Richard Harris Barham, who wrote the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and it was Dean Swift who, albeit unintentionally, provided childhood with an eternal classic.

*

SAINT BERNARD MONKS OUT OF A JOB

WITH other romantic heritages of the past vanishes the classic legend of the holy fathers of Saint Bernard and their dogs to whom many an Alpine traveler in many a century has owed his life. In every nursery there once hung a picture of the unconscious but strangely comfortable traveler ensconced in several snowdrifts, approached by a benevolent Saint Bernard dog with a cask bound to his neck, — there is no Volstead Act in Switzerland, — with a venerable but still sturdy priest following him to the rescue.

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Though there may still be need for the monks, the need is not so great as once it was. Nowadays the traveler whirls under the snows, and the mountains too, or, if he does cross the mountains, journeys in a fast motor by a good road. So the work of rescue lags, and the hospice where once the travelers tarried all night long is becoming little more than a show place for visitors. Now casual visitors by day are not so grateful as storm-bound guests by night, and so the hospice has had a hard time making both ends meet. It is now proposed to transform it into a modern hotel.

*

FRESH PERILS OF THE DEEP

THE London *Daily Telegraph* learns, through the New York papers, of a new peril confronting those who go down to the sea in ships. In the following editorial it views with alarm the state of affairs reliably reported to exist on ocean-going vessels: —

It is one of the maxims of worldly wisdom that a long voyage is a dangerous thing for the susceptible. The way of a ship upon the sea is found to have a stimulating influence upon the way of a man with a maid. Some philosophers have always held that the only universal and absolutely necessary condition of falling in love is propinquity. Anyone, they maintain, may marry anybody if the two see enough of each other; and certainly there are strange facts which seem to support this grim hypothesis. But life aboard ship provides other circumstances conducive to the arrangement of marriage. The limitation of choice fixes wayward attention, the lack of anything else to do concentrates interest. Of all this, people concerned with the problem of marrying and giving in marriage have long been aware. How many men and maidens, ignored or unconquerable on land, have been found ready to woo and content to be won — we do not attempt to distribute these functions between them — as the liner steams over the wine-dark sea? But in our reticent country we do not call a spade a spade or a liner a matrimonial agency. The owners, when they advertise her charms, leave this one to be inferred. On the other side of the Atlantic they are not so prudish. When a ship is sent on one of those long pleasure cruises round sunny lands where the trumpet orchids blow enterprising agents make sure that mothers with marriageable daughters know all about it. A communiqué addressed to that deserving section of the community has just appeared in the New York press, and we can only do justice to its style by quotation. 'It has been demonstrated,' we read, 'by the number of marriages resulting from de luxe steamship cruises that as a rule Cupid commands the ship from start to finish. . . .' As most of the steaming on this particular cruise 'will be in tropical or semi-tropical latitudes where the moon is brighter, the breezes softer, and the sea a deeper blue than in the colder north, opportunity will not be wanting for scenes that should lead to thoughts of wedlock.' It is not given to many of us to write in such a style as that. 'There's richness!' as Mr. Squeers said, but we are bound to add, there's also delicacy. 'Furthermore,' says the communiqué, and ends with the abruptness of genius, 'furthermore, the ship will carry two clergymen.' Thus Cupid thinks of everything. Two, mark you. Is not that luxury? There need be no waiting.

*

KING GEORGE'S SALARY

MR. FRANK DILNOT considers in the columns of the *Sphere* the sum that Great Britain provides to maintain the institution of monarchy and then inquires how much His Majesty personally gets out of it: —

Is our present system worth the money, some may ask? Considerably over half a million pounds a year goes to royalty. The entire sum is probably well expended for the sake of the excellent return we get in monarchy as an institution. But as a matter of fact the money is not lost. The King has to keep up his various palaces with an enormous expenditure for salaries and wages, and the money thus comes back into circu-

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lation, benefiting all through whose hands it passes in its ever-widening distribution. I doubt if in these times the King after meeting all his inevitable and automatic expenses (thus sending the money back to his people) receives a net personal salary of more than £5,000 a year. It is not a large sum to give the titular head of the most successful form of democratic government which human beings have yet devised.

❦

A GIFT TO MANCHESTER'S LIBRARY

THE John Ryland's Library in Manchester has been celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. It has good reason to celebrate, for since 1899, when it was founded, this provincial library has leaped into the first rank, and its silver jubilee has been marked by a unique gift which adds one more to its innumerable treasures — a collection of twenty thousand broadsheets of proclamations, bulletins, and placards issued during the French Revolution, the Napoleonic régime, the Restoration, and the Commune of 1871. To this is added another collection of proclamations issued in Tuscany and the Netherlands between the sixteenth and the eighteenth centuries.

They are presented by the present Lord Crawford, whose father made the collection, and as it is almost unique, students from all lands will have to come to Manchester to study their own national histories.

The Rylands Library began with only seventy thousand printed volumes and less than a hundred manuscripts. Today there are three hundred thousand books and ten thousand manuscripts, many of them unique copies. Yet Dr. Guppy, the chief librarian under whose direction this extraordinary growth was made, has been able to present fifty thousand books to the Louvain Library. The treasures of the Library include a vellum codex of the Four Gospels dating from the eleventh century, Queen Joan of Navarre's Psalter executed about the year 1260, a Book of Hours said to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, another executed for Charles VII of France about 1430, and King Henry VII's prayer book.

❦

DEAN INGE ON THE UNIVERSITIES

IT was a foolish man who first called Dean Inge the Gloomy Dean, for half a dozen English writers take twice as gloomy a view of the world as he does, and none of them is such good reading. Gloomy? Why, the Dean can be positively gay an if he will.

A periodical laboring under the title *Church Family Newspaper*, for example, is not by any means the sort of journal in which one would look for amusing writing. Yet see how unprofessionally diverting and how entirely free from gloom the Dean can be even in such hallowed pages! No wonder he was selected to cut the pudding when the Cheshire Cheese inaugurated its pudding season last month.

Like other national institutions [says Dean Inge], our old universities have their critics. Some well-known gibes against Oxford have their birthplace on the banks of the Cam; others in circles where it is agreeable to disparage an education which the speakers have not enjoyed. Oxford, we are told (this time by one of her own sons), is the home of lost causes and undying prejudices. It is the place to which bad German philosophies go when they die.

Oxford burns the Reformers whom Cambridge produces. (This of course comes from Macaulay, whose statue adorns the antechapel of Trinity College, Cambridge.) The Oxford man looks as if the world belonged to him, while the Cambridge man only looks as if he did not care to whom it belongs. (There we recognize the voice of the outsider, and must admit some truth in what he says. The American, who is used to patriotic boasting, is said to find the Cambridge manner the more annoying of the two.)

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Cardinal Newman pathetically remarked: 'I can't myself make out how an Oxford man should be known from another. It is a fearful thing that we as it were exhale ourselves with every breath we draw.' It would certainly be fearful if the picture drawn by J. R. Green the historian were true. 'He is not as other men are; he has a deep, quiet contempt for other men. Beyond Oxford lie only waste regions of shallowness and inaccuracy.' Or shall we quote Dr. Johnson? 'They entered the world, prepared to show wisdom by their discourse, and moderation by their silence, to instruct the modest with easy gentleness, and repress the ostentatious by seasonable superciliousness.'

A few remarks may be made on these frivolous witticisms [adds the Dean]. No causes that have ever lived are really lost. Witlings mistake the swing of the pendulum for the march of the eternal verities. Oxford knows better. The great German philosophies did migrate to Oxford when the Junker began to plant his jack-boot on the German universities; and we may venture to say that they found a new life in the freer air of England. I will dare to express the opinion that Oxford has produced more good philosophy than Berlin, during the last forty years. The idealistic philosophy of religion, to which our theology owes so much, mainly comes from Oxford.

✻

LITERARY FASHIONS IN JAPAN

INTELLECTUAL currents in Japan are setting strongly toward Russia, Germany, and China, according to M. Albert Maybon, who contributes an occasional review of new books dealing with the Far East to the *Mercure de France*.

'The vogue of Russian literature continues,' he writes, 'and several new translations, whose authors boast a complete knowledge of the Slavic language, have recently been put on sale. The bookstores are full of literary essays in which veritable panegyrics on the Moscow revolutionaries are dextrously inserted. The materialist philosophy of the young Chinese is also attracting the attention of Japanese intellectuals. There is a general comprehension of the impatient eagerness which Japan's neighbors show to cast off the yoke of traditional beliefs, but their present opinions are regarded as excessive. "They are enough to upset everything." The Chinese are also accused of lacking an æsthetic sense. Finally some are turning toward the new Germany which certain Japanese regard as "a victim of European egoism." A fiery nationalist writer, M. Koski Mitsui, is one of the chief creators of this renewed German influence. The demand for German books and German publications is growing.'

There is a certain parallelism between intellectual fashions and the direction in which foreign policy is moving. Japan is finding interest in intellectual Russia, intellectual Germany, and intellectual China, while at the same time we observe in various political circles a more or less pronounced inclination toward the same countries.

✻

BROADCASTING IN AUSTRALIA

THE Australian Federal Government has taken the broadcasting problem firmly in hand and regulated it with characteristic antipodean firmness. The number of broadcasting stations in each State is limited, and listeners-in are required to possess licences. Three classes of zones are laid down, the first running up to two hundred and fifty miles from the station, the second a hundred and fifty miles further, and the third all distances beyond. These zones are not rigid and are somewhat altered in Tasmania and Western Australia. There are five classes of licences for listeners-in, with fees running from 35 shillings to twenty-five pounds per annum. There are two classes of broadcasting stations, one subsidized by the licence fees paid by the listeners-in, and another operating without subsidy.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Arnold Waterlow, by May Sinclair. London: Hutchinson, 1924. *7s. 6d.*

The Little French Girl, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. London: Constable; Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1924. $2.00.

[J. B. Priestley in the *London Mercury*]

It would not be difficult to prove that, of the writers named above, Miss Sinclair has the best-stored mind. She is the most knowledgeable and can, as people say, put most cards on the table. Metaphysics, Mysticism, Psychology, Psychoanalysis, she is learned in these and other grave matters of the intellect. Moreover, she is wise in the ways of this world and its curious inhabitants, and in addition she is a novelist of great experience, with a number of unmistakable successes to her credit. Her new novel is easily the most ambitious of those under notice here; it has easily the widest sweep, covering as it does what is practically the life history of an intellectual man, his childhood and education, his relationships with his family and the two women who love him, his attitude toward the universe. Yet *Arnold Waterlow* is certainly the least successful and the most irritating of the above volumes of fiction. The trouble with Miss Sinclair nowadays is that she is not a single-minded narrator; her art is not big enough and strong enough to bear the weight of her various interests; she is still interested in the 'what' of life, but is more interested in the 'why' of it, and has not sufficient art (or present concern with her business as narrator) to make the 'what' swallow the 'why.' It is not so much, as some critics have maintained, that her metaphysics and psychoanalysis will not blend with fiction, for anything will blend with fiction if the writer is primarily concerned with fiction, is passionately interested in 'what happened,' the facts, the narrative. There is good matter in the life story of this unfortunate Arnold,— who began by giving his mother 'a complex' and ended, satisfactorily for himself, by giving himself another, a mystical one, — but the narrative is parti-colored, or, if you will, is composed of differently colored slabs like a Neapolitan ice. Moreover, there settles on nearly all the chief personages of this story — people so unfortunate but so well-intentioned and sensitive, so thoughtful but so painfully lacking in impulse, humor and genuine passion — there settles upon them that kind of fine gray dust which the old-fashioned ethical societies contrived to spread all over the universe. Effie, Arnold's mistress, whose end is very well described, is the only one of the prominent characters who manages to escape this drab coating and so comes to life; the others are so many philosophical and sociological John Does and Richard Roes.

Intelligent, traveled women novelists, the reader will have noticed, are always fascinated by the difference of national characteristics and social life, and are always being tempted to make such differences the basis of a story. As a rule, there is something sterile and rather wearisome about such stories, but in her *Little French Girl* Miss Sedgwick has brought it off brilliantly. The story itself can be deduced by any fairly experienced reader from the first thirty or forty pages, but there is no harm in that, for if an artist is able to make full use of his or her material, expectation, as Coleridge once pointed out, is preferable to surprise. The little French girl, Alix de Mouveray, owing to the fact that her mother has lost caste in France and cannot therefore marry her daughter as she would naturally wish, visits England (really the family of one of her mother's lovers, an officer who was killed during the war), and then becomes a kind of shuttlecock between the two battledores of French and English social life, until at the end she falls into the arms of her engaging English lover, the young Oxford philosopher. The appeal of the story lies not so much in the characterization and incident — though both are engaging — as in the extremely efficient contrast of French and English, and, further, in the succession of vivid little pictures presented to us through the medium of Miss Sedgwick's excellent prose. Here is one out of a thousand: —

'When they had passed within the precincts, the little town opened clearly to the sunlight and they were at once in the *Place* that circled round a large pond where patient men in large straw hats sat fishing. Houses, stately in their modesty, looked over rows of pollarded fruit trees and high walls tiled in red.. Built of pale old brick and flint, with high-pitched roofs above dormer windows, they seemed to speak of a delicious leisure that was in itself an occupation. People who lived in such houses, Giles thought, would never be idle; yet all their industry would have the savor of an art. How darkly lustrous the windows shone; how unremittingly were those bright gardens tended. He saw, as they passed an open gate, a stout old man in a white linen coat tying muslin bags over the pears that ripened on the wall. Under a *charmille* a woman sat stemming currants. A family group in front of a shop were already taking the afternoon repose, the father with his newspaper, the wife and daughters with their sewing. Along the

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broad white street, a peasant girl, her bare head as neat as a nut, clattered in sabots, carrying a great earthenware jar, and a small white woolly dog, of a breed unknown to Giles, barked languidly from his doorstep as they passed. . . .'

There is so much patient and sensitive understanding of the social life of two great and frequently opposed communities shown in this narrative that I not only wish all English people would read it, but I wish too that it could be translated into French, for Miss Sedgwick deserves an audience on both sides of that narrow Channel which has produced more differences than many a wide ocean.

A Searchlight on the European War, by C. H Norman. London: Labour Publishing Co., 1924. 6*s*.

[G. R. Stirling Taylor in the *Outlook*]

THE Day of Judgment will probably be, in the main, a discussion of the guilt for the Great War of 1914–1918. The trivial fault of eating apples in Eden and forging checks and robbing jewelers' shops will be mere details.

It will be a dull, and dangerous, day for this country of traditional freedom when we are not ready to read the other side. It will be a still more perilous moment when the extreme 'other side' is not put as honestly and sincerely as Mr. Norman has put it in his new book. We must not too hastily decide that he is wrong because he is at present unpopular. For we may remember that during the war when Mr. Norman disagreed with the governor of a military prison it was the governor who had to give way, not Mr. Norman, when it came to an official investigation; which is probably a unique event in English history!

Mr. Norman has stated his case in a way that makes it admirable, even alluring, reading. There are some timid souls who are so prim and proper that nothing will induce them to believe in the possibility of conspirators working behind the scenes of international diplomacy. Such are the innocent persons who believe all they are told in the newspapers and in official documents. Those readers who believe only what Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries say in the House of Commons will, of course, remain piously skeptical and paradoxically orthodox. But Mr. Norman has an effective way of placing what the aforesaid gentlemen said one day against what they said a year before; and the result does not always coincide with the mottoes about honesty which good children write in their copy books.

There are all sorts of points where the judicial reader may be justified in hesitating to accept these 'extremist' views. For example, the kings whose policy Mr. Norman dislikes are clearly not so dangerous to humanity as the republicans whom he appears theoretically to uphold; and, strangely enough, this criticism is supported by the author's own candid statements. That is a strong point of the book — it is sincerely fair in stating its facts. Those who omit to read Mr. Norman's book will miss a great deal that is an essential part of the truth, which the prim people often forget to include in their pious books.

Le Japon d'aujourd'hui, by Albert Maybon. Paris: Flammarion, 1924.

[Charles Regismanset in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*]

M. ALBERT MAYBON lived for several years in Japan during and after the war of 1914. While he was in Tokyo, he published a Franco-Japanese magazine, of which I retain a pleasant memory, and also ran a French bookshop. He loved Japanese life and was able to analyze in its most varied forms the curiously disturbed thought which stirred 'the Japan of to-day.' This is, therefore, by no means a work which can be summed up in a few strokes. It is a book that must be read with the same conscientiousness that the author brought to its composition — a process in which the reader will not waste his effort, for this study of the Japanese mind is well worth prolonged meditation.

And what an amazing conclusion the author gives his book: the sudden earthquake, the destruction of the means of intellectual life, schools, seminaries, printing-shops, and libraries! These people, accustomed to life in a land of earthquakes, have developed a deep sense of the instability of things. Centuries of bygone civilization and modern treasures were suddenly swallowed up, yet the Japanese people and their rulers at the height of the cataclysm saw merely a stimulus to reconstruction. . . .

The twentieth century will be perhaps the century of the Pacific Ocean. The digging of the Panama Canal has upset commercial currents that were centuries old, and a new world-drama is beginning. For the benefit of those who are not afraid to look about them, I quote these concluding sentences of Albert Maybon: —

'A land open to everything that goes on — closing its doors only for the sake of assimilating it better — a land, too, in which a spirit of perpetual renewal is at work, Japan does not know how to set up once for all a special form of civilization. It is a flexible country with a permanent foundation. . . . Its mind yields to every necessity, risks every experiment, and adapts itself to every transformation, infinitely alert, flexible, plastic; and it is being tested by tremendous tempests.'

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THERE's a bit of magic about the word Christmas.

And there's something appealing about the Christmas number of Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

It is published November 25th. The issue is so full of a number of things. . . .

Records of human experiences, reminiscences, articles on music and literature, stories, poems, illustrations.

* * *

For instance, there's William J. Henderson, who is the remaining active member of the group of newspaper music critics which included James Huneker, Henry Krehbiel, and Henry Finck.

He writes on "The Emancipation of Music" but he doesn't wave his arms and shout with rage as the critics of the old school are supposed to do when the "new" music is mentioned.

* * *

And there are John Galsworthy and Edith Wharton, who prove that a work of literary art may also be a best-seller. The last chapters of Galsworthy's new novel "The White Monkey" appear in the Christmas Scribner's Magazine. The first essay by Mrs. Wharton on the art of writing fiction also appears in it.

* * *

Who is there who has not heard repeatedly the statement that literary critics are authors who have failed? See what you think of that idea after reading "Three Minutes of Silent Prayer" by F. F. Van de Water, author of "Books and So Forth" in the New York Herald Tribune.

* * *

As for the other fiction in the number — George S. Brooks, police reporter and former soldier, produces one of the most humorous stories about the war in which there are no casualties except the reader who dies laughing.

McCready Huston makes vivid and real the answer to an old question in "Immune" and Eva Moore Adams contributes "Shady" a story of the Arizona desert.

* * *

Judge Robert Winston, after making enough money to satisfy his needs and getting enough glory out of politics to last a lifetime, showed that he could put wealth and fame behind him without a murmur. He entered college as a freshman at the age of sixty. His story is in the Christmas Scribner's Magazine.

And Gaylord White, after being a pastor for many years, found that his window upon life had been small indeed. "Reflections of a Settlement Worker" tells how he found a larger window from which to see his fellow-men, and what he saw.

And James L. Ford recalls the literary and journalistic New York of forty years ago in "My Memories of the Early Eighties."

* * *

Other contributors are: Struthers Burt, William Lyon Phelps, John Hall Wheelock, Royal Cortissoz, Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, Cornelia Otis Skinner, George Wright, Edith Bolling, Ellery Rand, Alice Harvey, and Alexander Dana Noyes.

There's a variety about the Christmas Scribner's Magazine that is refreshing. And the material is like the variety.

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